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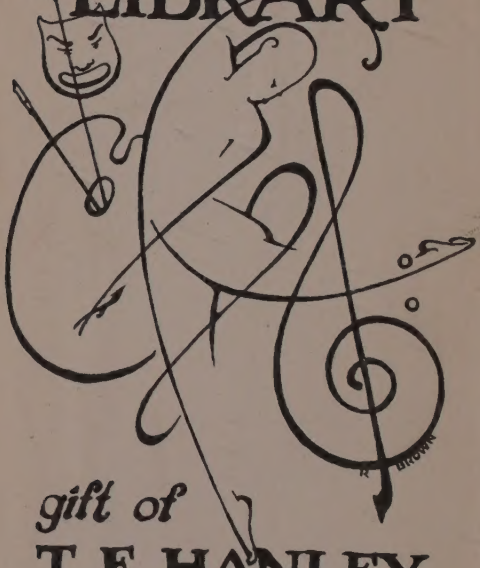

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By

WALTER PACH

Author of

"The Masters of Modern Art"

"Ananias or the False Artist"

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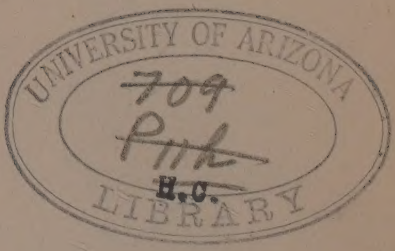

AN HOUR OF ART

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AN HOUR of art? But there have been fifty or a hundred thousand years of art! And, quite likely, in any number of individual years during that space of time, men have been producing art everywhere—in every land of the two hemispheres and all the way from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic. So that an hour is rather a short time in which to discuss a production which includes nothing short of the record of the whole human race. Yet if we only keep to our subject in just those terms—as a record of the race—we may get somewhere; on the other hand, if we stop to examine any detail for itself—Greek art, for example, about which whole libraries of books have been written—we shall get nowhere in the hour. How should we? The old Roman proverb said that art is one, but that it has a thousand species, which is another way of saying that art is infinite. And with infinite things we cannot, by definition, conceive of getting to an end.

Even so, with the beginning at a point which gives pause to the very surmises of

the geologist, and with the end off in some future which perhaps never seemed quite so remote, it is not idle to spend an hour together in surveying the field of art. Just the limitation of time may force us to keep to the *Ars Una* viewpoint, and if one does see it thus, one has the best of all criteria for understanding whatever special phase of the vast subject one happens to be interested in at the time. It is quite logical to be devoted to one type of art at a given moment, to study it exhaustively—having little care for other arts, and then, later on, to be faithless to that earlier love, whose place is taken by a new passion.

Thus, viewing art in such a way that we see it whole, we may turn to that particular form of art which was produced by the people or the man of our choice, and may get an idea how high it stands in the scale. Or how low. To be sure we shall soon discover that in art, as perhaps nowhere else, comparisons are odious. Each period, each individual is to be judged for the success with which the qualities open to it (or him) are attained—it is senseless to ask of a Chinese the type of beauty one had known among

the Dutch. None the less, if we make even a start in arriving at the ability to recognize the presence of art, we may say that it exists with greater fulness and intensity in one work than another, that one line of artists leads to strength and fecundity while another—at first sight more attractive perhaps—leads to a constantly thinner and more hopeless result.

One may spend a day in a museum and come away with nothing but confusion and fatigue. These feelings are caused by the number of new sensations for which the mind is unprepared, and by its effort to assimilate everything at once. An hour of art, for most people, is better—always provided they use it wisely: either getting a general notion of the wealth that awaits them in the future, during repeated visits to the museum, or else taking two or three works, or at most a small group of works, and draining them of every drop of pleasure and instruction that the mind can take up at that stage of its expansion. Such a programme demands, of course, a source of ideas worthy of the effort proposed. Compared with the great works in the museums the general run of current exhibitions does not justify an

hour's visit. But we are, after all, not concerned with masterpieces alone; we want to know what is going on in the world around us, even if much of it is bound to be mediocre. It is after seeing the whole range of art at a given time that we can say with confidence which things are outstanding in it. The search among contemporary works is therefore emphatically worth while; one may come on that most exciting of phenomena, the new master, in the exhibition which seemed at first merely doleful. And I believe that the person who has seen art whole in his previous study will be the one best fitted to recognize the new master on meeting with his work.

Somewhat over a hundred years ago, Europe had the greatest opportunity it had so far possessed to see the entire field of art at once. The *Musée Napoléon*, created by the conqueror from the loot of his campaigns plus the old royal collections which the Revolution had given to the people, was such an assemblage of masterpieces as had never before existed. Yet it did not equal the museums of the present day in the extent of the schools which it covered. Whole continents were

as yet untouched by students of art. Throughout the nineteenth century the frontiers of the subject were continually being pushed forward. And this means more than the fact that Egypt, Assyria, China, India, Africa, ancient America etc., were successively recognized as being part of the museum domain. The older arts of Europe itself were studied anew, and the stigma attached to such terms as Primitive and Gothic was removed. Almost more important, the creation of collections designed to furnish examples of art in industry still further widened the significance of the artist's work. As Renoir observed, it is often the applied arts that show us the true features of a country—the work of the great masters usually passing beyond limitations of frontier and period.

Such is the material then, and some that only an imaginary museum could possess, that we are to deal with in the hour of art which we shall spend together. The objects of our attention must all be originals: therefore the little plaster models of the great works of architecture, the best thing of the kind that any existing museum can ever show—will not

do for our purpose. Judged by such a standard, the "Parthenon" erected in Nashville, Tennessee, may be as good as the one in Athens. But even the ruins of the Greek building, seen on the spot for which it was designed and retaining some of the living quality of a work that has grown under the eye and hand of artists, will have the indefinable but also unmistakable quality that no copy ever achieves. Even supposing that some reader is here considering art for the first time, it is important, I believe to touch on a matter that is often among the last to be dealt with in art study: the distinction between true and false. The attempt to make a copy of a Greek temple two thousand years later than its original, by a different race, with different beliefs and, above all, with innumerable experiences of life and schools of art intervening, spells failure so surely that I have never heard of anyone making the journey to Nashville to see if the building really had turned out like Athenian architecture, or whether a claim that it had done so were not merely grotesque.

But there are more subtle types of falsification. A Rembrandt etching, for

example, can be reproduced so exactly that the honest Amand-Durand who perfected the process would not rely on modern paper to thwart the unscrupulous persons who might (and did) sell the prints as originals: he put a mark on them which protects all but the most unwary buyers. If that is needed, if the qualities of the work do not speak for themselves, I am asked, why is not the reproduction just as good? Isn't is merely snobbery to want originals? No, it isn't. A dead man may look, at first glance or even at the tenth, like a sleeping man, but we are not content with the partial test so afforded. The reproduction has not the moving quality of the original, and though for a long time we are at a loss to give a reason for the fact, we feel it, and eventually we trace it to its source (if the effort so required seems worth the making).

The most dangerous counterfeits of all are not the ones which imitate a thing already existing; they are the ones produced by men who are almost or perhaps entirely unaware of the falseness of their work. I have noted in a special study of this subject that the increase in the num-

ber of artists in the past century—an increase in the proportion of two hundred to one—does not represent a corresponding increase in the talent throughout the world. Most of the excess production is to be thought of as due to the mentality of men who, like Ananias in the Bible, are unable to hold to the absolute faith in their work which is the first requisite of the artist, though not the only one.

Here is, at least as a possibility, the greatest value of the approach to art which I propose for these pages. The study of a lifetime is not enough to give one the ability to distinguish a genuine work from a forgery in every case: if some men are practically infallible in a given field or—with sufficient opportunity to observe—in all fields, there is not an expert but has made his mistakes when he has approached some branch for which he was unprepared, or when he has passed judgment in a moment of weariness or haste. On the other hand, as regards the subtler falsifications—those made by the men who offer an original but impure product—it is the commonplace of experience that the thing which deceived the vast majority at one time is

seen to be worthless by everyone a few decades later, while even at the moment of its success there were numbers of people—perhaps quite ingenuous people—who would have none of it, who called it dull or ugly or false. It is this type of candor which may develop from frequenting such a museum as I am imagining. If only the collections are sufficiently inclusive, the person who has reached the point of knowing and loving them (the two activities are the same) will feel the absence of their qualities when he approaches false art.

The inclusiveness of the collections! that is evidently a question that calls for individual decisions, not simply on such a point as determining whether a given man or race is of museum stature, but as to the very types of work which should be considered. Here enters once more the value of the imaginary museum which I suggested above. The actual institution is changing rapidly. Music and the drama are seen to be so near to the arts previously regarded as within the scope of the collections that provision is being made for them more and more. Against the theories of many people, photography

and the cinematograph are being given a place in the store of things to be handed on to the future. Presently I shall have a word to say about the boundaries of the utilitarian productions which we find in the museum today when they date from distant centuries but which we pass by when they derive from our own time.

Since my subject is art I cannot omit mention of certain phases of it which no museum attempts to cover. Chief among these is literature, for which, obviously, the library provides the field of study; and though we have noted that museums are making room for the arts of the actor and the musician, they may not be touched upon in such a book as the present one. The same may be said of the dance, not because the necessary setting of an Arizona desert, for example, is too vast for even our imaginary museum, but because the subject itself is sufficiently detached to need a consideration of its own.

Someone may recall the number of allusions to the dance in painting, sculpture, and the graphic arts. But the fact that it has thus been drawn upon for inspiration no more demands that it be

considered under the head of art than would the number of religious themes in the museums cause us to spend part of our hour on the ritual of church and temple, though the expression of ideas to be found there is evidently reached by a very deep and important kind of art. In a word, we are here dealing with the question of subject, and not of art in itself. The subject of a painting, for example, may be drawn from a book, may be derived from the desire to represent a dance or a figure in religion, like the Madonna. In broader terms, the subject of art is life, whether manifested in the things of sight (men and women, landscape, or objects), or in the more abstract expressions of our ideas: the exalted aspiration of the cathedral, the majesty of the Sphinx (apart from its representation of a man-headed lion), or the splendor of a mosaic or a carpet. All these are works by which men have told what life meant to them; they are works of art and so within our purview here, but the life which they represent must be discussed by one of a wider approach than that of the artist or critic.

There still remains enough for us to

cover! The main divisions of the older museum men still hold pretty well. Architecture, sculpture and painting with their various applications to the decorative arts, will be our theme. The three major branches are separable, one from another, but not in the easy way that literature and music may be detached from the mass we call art, to form special domains of their own.

The interrelation of painting, sculpture and architecture is not a matter of material, though the stone of which the building is constructed may be the very one into which the sculptor drives his chisel, and the walls of the edifice may be in large part of stained (or painted) glass or, in other cases, the base on which the picture-maker works, or hangs his works. Similarly the connection is one that has a far more logical reason than this physical connection of the three types of art. Their laws are the same to such an extent that we can scarcely avoid using the terminology of any one for the other two. Underlying the whole scheme of the sculptor and the painter are the unity and the constructive sense that are worked out first of all by the architect.

He in turn, when he models his masses according to anything but the engineer's sense of stability, when he gives to the spire its grand gesture, or arches a bridge with a grace not to be explained solely by the matter of weight and resistance of materials, is dealing with qualities that have their purest use in sculpture; when he vivifies his forms with light and shade, when he uses color, as of marbles or tiles, he is within the domain best controlled by the painter, however legitimately and effectively it may be explored in the art of building. Finally, I need scarcely point out how much of the best in the painter's art is due to that sense of form in which, once more, this type of expression overlaps the boundaries of sculpture.

All three arts are perceived through the eye and all three are to be judged according to effects produced on our sight, though it is quite obvious that they have other qualities—indeed that they originated for other reasons than that of giving us æsthetic enjoyment. Thus architecture, perhaps most clearly, grew out of our need to protect ourselves from the rain and sun and from instrusive animals and men. For the purely utilitarian

mind it has gone no further today. And from the same standpoint it would have no place in a book on art. But the æsthetic elements of the building, as I have already mentioned, are those of the sculpture or picture, when these are considered as art—which is by no means the case with all spectators.

If the sole explanation of architecture, to the unimaginative man, lies in its affording us shelter, the explanation of sculpture and painting resides for him, no less completely in their ability to represent things in nature. If he argues his case, the historical evidence for it appears simple enough: whether we seek the origins of the arts in religion and magic, in heraldry, portraiture, or mere entertainment, the imitation of things seen is pretty certainly the first step in the process. Not only is this true of the beginnings, but repeatedly, throughout the course of art-history, we find the masters themselves grappling with the problem of naturalistic representation. This is especially true in Europe, and at no time more so than during the nineteenth century.

Further testimony in favor of the idea

of art as representation is furnished by the words of sculptors and painters. For they, more preoccupied with their baffling technical questions than with working out the reason for the significance of their product, are apt to speak almost exclusively of such matters as anatomy, chiaroscuro, perspective, etc., all of which are phases of the rendering in stone or on canvas of the sights of nature. I can touch on the artist's psychology only in an incidental way in these pages; but in passing we may observe that an attitude toward the work such as has just been described is, in general, a healthy one. It is true that certain powerful minds, like Leonardo, have pushed on to the deepest explanation of art. But as a whole the artist has been content to do his work and let others give reasons for it, if they care to. By such absorption in the matters of the eyes and the hands he has left free the channel between the immense reservoir of his unconscious thoughts and emotions, which have thus flowed freely into his production, as they might be inhibited from doing were the man keeping watch over what went into his

carving or painting, outside of its fidelity to natural appearances.

The three arts we are to consider are like one another in having a purpose beyond that which the superficial reasoner attributes to them. He is apt to see that music has its source and goal far outside of the utilitarian realm, but only when he has taken a long step beyond his usual processes of thought does he see that the case of architecture, sculpture, and painting is, in this respect, identical with that of music. Their origin in use does not determine their essential character, nor yet the standard of judgment which we are compelled to apply to them. The simplest example is that of two buildings equally serviceable for shelter: one is seen to be a work of architecture while the other in no way merits the name.

Sculpture and painting differ from the things which share their appearance but not their art in a manner less evident to the generality of people. Here is a torso of Greek marble; a cast made from the torso of a living woman will have a close superficial resemblance to the sculpture, but to give that name to such a cast would require a very besotted critic in-

deed. The plaster reproduction of the living person offers a maximum of accuracy in representation, but even the blindest adherent of the imitative as art recognizes that there is no art here. For thousands of people the formula will therefore be changed to imitation plus idea—that august word being used in the sense of some story or thought not inherent in the sight of the work but supposed to be evoked by the representation of an appropriate figure or object.

And so we get such things as the Soldiers' Monument, in which exact representation of strong-faced, strong-limbed men holding guns or swords speaks of patriotism to the crowd that occasionally gives a glance at the group in the public square. Or, on the steps before a university library, sits a figure of Alma Mater. Her classical draperies suggest the Greek and Latin that college boys are to study (with such painful boredom); in her hand is a globe, to denote the universal dominion of learning (a very useful notion to keep before the visiting alumni who have acquired a fair share of the terrestrial globe and who may be amenable to hints that a part of

their gains would find grateful acceptance by a university always hungry for more endowment funds).

But the Soldiers' Monument and the gilded symbol of the college are as unworthy the name of sculpture as the building without style, proportion and logic is unworthy the name of architecture. Presently I shall attempt a statement of the thing that really constitutes the IDEA in art, but let us first glance at the latest to arrive among disproofs of the widely held fallacy that the representation of nature is the purpose of sculpture and painting.

This is the photograph—with its new developments in the motion-picture and the talking picture. Optimists may hope that these marvels, by showing what art is not, will clear the way for an appreciation of the thing it is; but experience hardly bears out such a dream. Eliminate the photographer, who may have some artistic expression to achieve, eliminate the scenario writer who gives purpose to the film; imagine—as is quite easy—the shutter of the camera opened by accident so that whatever chances to come before the lens is registered, either as a

single image or the reels of images that simulate motion: the result is as unconnected with the mind of man as the images reflected in a pond. Those clouds and skies and trees may be beautiful, do you say? To be sure; the point is that they remain themselves and that their beauty does not partake of the qualities of art. Nature may be very grand indeed, or, while we are on the subject, let us admit that there is nothing to equal it. If only we could get a corresponding admission that the artist, who knows nature as almost no one else does, would be a fool to pit himself against the hopeless task of rendering nature in his work. But before we can see that what he does render is his own vision, we must go back to our museum again and again.

Prior to making a visit there it will be well to say something of those applications of the major arts which were mentioned before. The building, the statue, the picture, are what Gleizes and Metzinger have well called organisms—things existing as complete in themselves. The decorative art object is an organ, on the contrary, something that needs a larger whole to justify it. Often the

dividing line is hard to draw: the Elgin marbles were part of the decoration of the Parthenon, but they triumphantly withstand their separation from the temple, and may indeed be studied to better advantage in the British Museum than if they were still far above our eyes in the tympanum for which they were made and where, to be sure, there was the sense of relationship of one piece with another and with their surroundings, which we can only imagine today.

But let us take a clearly defined example of applied art, a superb chair, for instance. It belongs in our museum and is one of its most perfect exhibits, as if to compensate by that very perfection for the limitations of its art. For the noblest works transcend perfection. In their infinite effort to rise above the past of their creators, they quite often contain what the pedant calls faults, judging, as he usually does, by the craftsman's repetition of a theme and the avoidance of previous error thereby attained.

The chair made by this craftsman has derived from the architect the sense of support and balance that is a primary consideration in building. Back and arms

and legs are related with an exactness, a rigor, a delicacy that elude measurement by later imitators almost as completely as do the proportions of a palace. The hand of the sculptor is felt in the carving of the pieces of wood that have been united in such elegant or severe and always vital lines. The sculptural sense of the craftsman makes these lines, rather more than it modifies them, and they are emphasized or else muted by the quality of surface that the artist has given to the wood. On the back and seat of the chair are tapestries designed with great accuracy for the spaces they are to fill. Their mood is that of the architecture and sculpture around them and their color quality could not have appeared in the world at any moment before the one from which they date. It will never appear again, for if we deny (as we all come to do) that there is such a thing as progress in art, it is equally clear that there is unceasing change, and the sights and sensations open to one period and place are lost to all others, save as they are experienced through the mediation of the work of art.

In this little book I cannot go at great

length into the matter of the applied arts, although they include, in quantity, by far the larger part of man's æsthetic production. Moreover their part of our museum is one of its most enchanting features. The intellectual effort it demands is not a very heavy one; at times one is almost passive in surveying the long corridors of weapons, let us say, each gun or sword a little masterpiece of design and decoration if one looks into it; but the mind is lulled into inattention by the very impossibility of examining each piece minutely. Close study, to be sure, they would repay, each one of them, and they would resist any arraignment one could make of them on the ground of their own qualities, but not the challenge of comparison with the effect produced by the masterpieces of the greater arts —if one were so boorish as to confront these delightful objects with works to whose scope they make no pretense.

And since they make none we may be the more startled by the austerity, the grandeur of a mediæval German helmet or of a bronze vase dating from the China of two thousand years ago. Or one looks at a vessel of pre-dynastic Egypt, recalls

the years during which a whole family was hollowing it out by abrasion—only a sand from the same stone of almost a diamond's hardness being of use in boring out its interior and giving the unparalleled dignity to its slightly swelling, nearly flat outer sides: the simple form seems to contain the whole of that mightiest of lands and to leave us no room for surprise when we reach the gods and goddesses, the arresting portraits, the temples, the reliefs and the paintings.

It is in the decorative arts that man comes closest to nature in her displays of color and form. In the ceramics of the Chinese, the Persians and the Tuscan-Umbrian schools there are things that for sheer material beauty seem, for the moment at least, to rival the effects of flowers, the pearl, and the sky. As in many other places in this book I am taking names more or less at random: instead of the three peoples mentioned just before I might have taken the Hispano-Moresque men, the French of Rouen, or the Saxons of Meissen, even if we come, here, on arts more limited in extent and importance. The United States has within its borders a veritable treasure of folk-

ceramics, those produced by the Pennsylvania Dutch—who were not Dutch but Germans. Further back in the history of the American continent, one comes on the feather mosaic of the ancient Mexicans and the feather robes of early Peru—things in which the very material by which the most resplendent of living creatures produce their effects is taken over unchanged and, using this as a mere substance to work in, man achieves a new beauty of his own.

A further step in this direction is to be found in the art of the jeweler. I do not refer to such men as the Greeks, for example, who produced miniature sculptures in gold and cameo, or who created charming designs based on those of the architects. With such artists we still are within the field of the great men, the size of the objects and their subordination to the person of their wearers making the chief difference in character. But when we come to the man who uses gems the question changes. Here the temptation is to rely on the brilliancy of the stones, even when, as in the best jewelry, the diamond, the ruby or the emerald is presented as an object of more than

money value. Too often it is used in that snobbish or barbaric way, but there is no lack of examples of gems intrinsically valuable but cut to shapes that already mark them as part of a scheme, and then mounted in such fashion as to give their particular glint or flash in a setting where added brilliance would be appropriate. A diamond-hilted sword or a crown encrusted with gems is usually a thing of pompous or vulgar display, while the same stones, set by a Turk in the trappings of his horse give a note of splendor that is in keeping with the movements of the animal.

And so, put to the severe test of using material like iridescent plumage or the "noble-stones" as the Germans call those having an inner glow of their own, the artist proves himself still a creator; his production derives its whole value from the quality of his mind, and not from things outside it. We get back to surer ground by way of the enamel which he has invented for use in connection with the natural beauty of the precious metals. It is one of the closest points of contact between painting, in its function of conveying the idea, and the arts of purely

decorative pattern. When we find the artist applying gold to the interior of a church or temple, and carving great passages of stone with an intricacy like that of foliage and yet with unity, we are moving away again from the types of art in which the mind finds precedence over the senses. But just this delight of the senses is a means by which men tell what the world means to them, and alongside the spirituality of India we find its voluptuousness in modulating the surface of marbles and metals; at a time when Italian philosophers and saints were giving lofty expression to their thought, the craftsmen of the country were producing marvels of lace, damask, and other textiles.

It is important to realize the dignity of such things, due, as they very largely are, to the humblest type of art-worker. He would have been astonished, perhaps (though not quite certainly—for he frequently rose to a higher type of effort) to find his wares under consideration with the things of the great seers who told of the deepest thought of his race. Yet he is a part of that race and an expression of it—a very immediate and in-

timate one indeed, even if his production is of such quantity as to lack the preciousness we attribute to that which is rare or unique.

Through the industrial arts of the past we may approach those of today. And here the question is complicated by a new factor, or one that is almost new: the machine. Its output is enormous and in most cases, as yet, so poor that the majority of people do not think of it as art at all. The first difficulty is not a serious one: the rarity of such an object as the Portland vase of Roman glass is no merit, and the fantastic price expected because of its uniqueness remained unrealized at the sale, and quite logically, since a mere fraction of it would have bought a number of Greek vases—things of a far finer art. Remembering their fragility one can guess, vaguely, how small a part of their original number is represented by the thousands of existing pieces of Greek ceramics which we have today.

Now the vase of classical times was made on a wheel, which is a machine, even though controlled by hands whose sensitiveness had descended from the period before the wheel was known. So

that, at a supreme period of art, man was using that complex tool we call the machine, and for quantity production. The usually present decoration, applied by hand to the vase, was derived from the design of a master, though but a very small proportion of the surviving vases are from the masters' hands. But even the production of the artisans is of extreme value. What we evidently need today is a system which shall allow each individual piece to have something of the authority and zest which we feel so strongly in the older works of the industrial arts.

The wonderful machines that give to the poor, or relatively poor, such things as only the rich were able to possess in the past are not a fatal obstacle to the achieving of genuine æsthetic qualities in utilitarian products. The admirable shapes and textures of objects like the telephone, tobacco pipes, automobiles, ice skates, airplanes, etc., are enough to prove that the coming of the machine has not permanently damaged our old sense of fitness and quality, though apprehension on this score was natural enough when quantity and speed were the sole thought of the first exploiters of the new tools—

as indeed these advantages are still the sole thought of a majority of manufacturers today.

In all art matters the distinctions which are so clear when we have two works of widely separated character before us are blurred at a point where the different types overlap. Thus a Dutchman painting in the manner most characteristic of his country is very far away from Italian art, but there are cases where the two schools are indistinguishable. Good pictures are evidently in a different order of existence from bad ones, but there is a wide band of mediocrity where one is at a loss to say with which group to class these works. So with the articles of manufacture: there are many whose art value is so slight that, without saying they are quite devoid of it, we may neglect them in order to use our time for more interesting things.

The enormous multiplication of output by the machine created a like increase in consumption. But the change came so rapidly that neither producer nor public reckoned with the factor of beauty. The buyer would have been repelled by articles having no element of proportion

or decoration at all, and so the forms of the past were hastily taken over, in general with no more sense of their fitness than the tailor has when he continues, today, to sew on the back of a long-tailed coat the buttons which the gentleman of the eighteenth century used as a support for his sword-belt. The Greek, Gothic or other ancient designs with which we besprinkle our buildings, our furniture and our objects of luxury or daily use are, for the most part, as thoroughly out of place.

And today the best of all these art-products are usually the ones that have shorn away the false detail which simulated the work of the sculptor and the painter. There remains the architectural foundation, still demanding, as in the past, such reinforcement of its salient features as will tell us which they are and give us the pleasure of participating through the eyes in the life and movement of the construction. We are moving steadily toward this type of design in our buildings and the large and small objects of our time which carry on the character of architecture. The sculptors and painters ask nothing better than to

have a share in such a result, and they have already made important contributions to it. An example that comes readily to mind is to be found in the lighting fixtures whose forms were first evolved in the plastic and graphic arts. Also some modern typography and page-composition are due to the sense of style developed in the Post-Impressionist and Cubist schools. From the sky-scraper to the two inch advertisement they have made their influence felt—and often in a vitally beneficial way.

Among man's productions there are some that must remain permanently outside the domain of art. They are the ones which follow such exact specifications as to prevent all human fantasy or sense of style from having a share in their creation. The cartridge is a case in point. With its smooth textures, its glow of copper and lead, its simple form, it may be rather agreeable to the eye, like a pink or white pebble rounded by the sea into a shape that makes the hand linger over its surfaces. But if the mind had to do with the making of the cartridge, æsthetic preference no more played a part in giving it form and color than in

determining those of the pebble on the sand. There are a hundred thousand such along the shore, each a little different from the others, and no one fundamentally preferable to the rest. Clearly then, the element of uniqueness, while it is found among works of art, is not confined to them.

What is the essential matter? I suppose there is no avoiding an attempt to tell that, though I know there is not a definition of art that has enjoyed any long continued success. However, as we are to look at our imaginary museum together, it will be worth while trying to see things eye to eye, rather than find ourselves working at cross purposes. I have never run on any but the most general statements as to the qualities of art which seemed possible of defence, and none that could be proved. But doubtless, as we move among the works in our galleries, we shall find some use for these generalizations; perhaps they will group things for us, and the seeing of relationships is a step toward realizing qualities.

It is no new choice of words or ideas that I make when I say that the two necessary elements in the work of art are

the Classical and the Romantic. Classical is a word connected by many with things Greek. A railroad station or a church that is in the general style of a Doric temple, or a nose recalling that of some Apollo or Venus is spoken of as classical. One soon sees, on thinking over such examples, that the word does not apply. Let us try a different approach: the work of Rembrandt is properly to be regarded as the great classic of Dutch painting and etching. But is it Classical? We hesitate over using the term for his art, even if we happen to look on it as a supreme thing.

If neither external appearance, nor a grandeur that resists the passing centuries confers the quality of the Classical, then an inventory of the properties denoted by the word is needed in order that we may penetrate to its meaning. These properties are fairly well agreed on and include such matters as order, proportion, unity, harmony and equilibrium. They are probably connected with something in our physiological make-up. In matters of sound, two notes on the piano are felt by all to make a harmony, two others are recognized by layman and expert alike as discordant. In the same way, independ-

ent of ideas, periods or personalities, certain forms and colors—for which we have vainly sought a mathematical basis —are what we call right.

It is at these elements that Classical art aims. Its ideal is perfection, the state in which the rightness of every detail results in absolute balance. But just the last word we have used shows the insufficience of the Classical impulse. The balances are the scales which, when equally weighted, gradually cease their oscillation and come to rest. Now that condition is contrary to the nature of man. He is the animal that will not stay put. The horse, the dog or the ape is static in his development, especially that of his mind. Man is dynamic, he does not want rest but motion. He pushes on past the horizon before him to reach the new horizon which he divines beyond it. He is ready to break an established balance in the interest of a more complex, more significant balance that he feels as a possibility within himself, even if he can not define it as he sets forth on a new quest.

It is this sense of adventure, of romance that dictates the other major current of art. The Romantic is not the

negation of the Classical impulse, but its necessary complement. In all great works both elements appear. Without an admixture of mystery—the Romantic element—a purely Classical art would be for us inhuman, lifeless. Without order—the Classical element—art would be chaotic and thus equally far from human ideals. Form and content are words that have frequently been used in defining the two tendencies; "decorative" and "illustrative" were those of Mr. Berenson in discussing Italian art. But whatever the names we give to them, these two directions must appear in the thing we call art.

While I have already said something on the question of naturalism it may be well to observe that it is not necessarily connected with either of the two great impulses. At a time when man is trying to break the hold of one current or the other—at a time when he is being so swept along by it as to risk losing his mastery over ideas, to risk becoming either stagnant or unbalanced—he takes refuge in nature.

Or if either school has found in naturalistic appearances a too overpowering

formula, the other impulse may appear as a break with the aspect of visible things. Perhaps the greatest example of such a change from Classical to Romantic art is that brought in by Christianity. The Pagan world, adoring the beauty of the human figure, had used it for every shade of expression, from that of imperturbable calm to that of emotion, pain, and sensuality. Throughout the gamut it had maintained its sense of measure and held to the balance which made each detail a perfection in itself, a perfectly proportioned part of a whole. The new faith, turning men's eyes from earth to heaven, scorned the beauty of the body and the art that had sung its praises with such aloofness and mastery. No wonder the new races and their expression seemed to the old world a relapse into barbarism.

For centuries the stigma attaching to the rebels against Classical ideals persisted: "Vandal," originally no more than the name of a tribe, has been passed on to modern languages as the term for a wanton destroyer of the beautiful. And, taking the name of another Northern people, the adherents of the older forms called the art of the Romanticists of the

Twelfth Century "Gothic." Very late in the history of Christian art one still finds the reaction against the naturalism that had flowered so spontaneously with the Greeks and their Roman successors. Thus Kurt Pfister, commenting on mediæval illustrations, observes that the heads in those glorious paintings are made larger than life size as a symbol of spiritual power. (The Classical period tended to make the head smaller than life size when it did not adhere strictly to naturalistic scale.)

Let us note an example of the obverse phenomenon: a departure from the appearances of nature in the interest of the Classical impulse. It is one that belongs so much to our own day that some readers may not as yet recognize its bearing. I refer to the decisive change of direction that took place in the art of the last years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth.

Down to the middle period of Cézanne's life, and through the formative years of Seurat's painting, the effort of the time had been part of the great Romantic current—which had gone out to nature, the Renaissance having spent

the energy with which it set itself to renew the Classical ideal. The perfect style of Ingres—forever prostrating himself before Raphael and the Greeks—was one of the two final expressions of the cycle. The other was the color and form of Delacroix, which crowned the period of search for the qualities of antiquity even while giving a grand example of the new daring of the time. The old school saw in this giant a threat against its guardianship of the Classical values. And his successors, the Romanticists of landscape and the Realists who carried on the adventure of those men of Barbizon, soon showed how far they would go from the perfections of the eighteenth century.

The whole new time resounds with their exploits. Daumier and Guys carry the voice of the people into places where the academies have subsided into humdrum. Manet and the Impressionists bring light and color into the darkness of the decadent schools. There had been no such adventure since the Quattrocento. The Romantic fervor of the modern period incarnates itself in the beauty of Renoir's women, even as the passion of the early Renaissance expressed itself in devotion

to the beauty of the Madonna and that of earthly womanhood.

As the later Renaissance, under the reborn Greek influence, strove to give order and style to its achievement, so Cézanne, the profound meditator on the classics, started the work which he himself described as making of Impressionism something solid, like the art of the museums. Seurat's analytical mind furthered the research and gave to the younger men, when they were ready to understand him, the elements of the most severe essay that has perhaps ever been made into the nature of form and color. They were divested, by the new generation, of all the glamorous envelope of flesh and blood, landscape and sunlight, that had been the medium of the nineteenth century. After the close of that time Cubism gave to the proportions of works of art an almost mathematical abstractness. And so the anti-naturalistic movement of our time, working toward the Classical properties of logic and balance, was moving in exactly the opposite direction from the anti-naturalism of the early Christians, a Romantic people if there ever was one.

I shall not pin myself down to a dog-

matic study of the two major currents of art, but something will have been gained by this preparatory survey if we have agreed that art affects its public by two phases of the *idea*, in a deeper sense of that word than the one which simply implies representing things as they appear to the eye. And having given to this point so much of the hour at our disposal, I shall not be misunderstood if I discuss paintings or sculptures in terms of their subject.

Such an approach is almost the only one we can make in the case of the earliest art which has come down to us. And that means that with the men of the old stone age we are in the presence of primitives. The term, so ill applied to the early schools of Italy, Flanders, and France is exact when used of the prehistoric artists and those of later periods (the Eskimos, the Bushmen, etc.) who repeat their qualities. Even when geology tells us that a given type of prehistoric art had been for centuries or thousands of years in existence before producing the work under our eyes, it will still have the character of things at their beginnings. Unlike the painting of the earliest Italians,

for example, there is no sign that the artists have understood the work of their predecessors, and resolved to add to it the qualities which were deficient before. The inability to profit by the past is the mark of the true primitive, whether in paleolithic times or later ones. If the word is still to be spoken of a Giotto, a van Eyck or a Fouquet, it must be merely for the convenience of using a traditionally accepted term, and without forgetting that these men profit by the work of a long line of artists.

The need to begin again in each generation causes the art of immense spaces of time to be stationary, and so the production of two periods many thousands of years apart may be almost identical. The quality for which they strive, and in which they frequently attain great impressiveness, is exactitude and force in their notation of the surrounding world. They will do this with more ability than they show in representing the human figure, though the latter is scarcely more difficult to render than the animals, which the primitive depicts with such marvelous skill. The animals are at once his foes and his source of food, and so

he studies them with an attention which permits him to give their mass, their movement, and even minutiæ of their appearance.

The wall paintings in the caverns of northern Spain and southern France, as also the engravings on bone from various parts of Europe agree with the work of later primitives (among whom one may mention the Indians of North America) in having the acuteness and fidelity of artists intent on the subject that interests them most. How splendidly the character of the different beasts is displayed in the broad silhouette of the murals! What a sense of movement goes into the exactly noted line scratched into the little pieces of bone! And how near these men seem to the Africans who, ages later, trace their observation of the same subjects on long slabs of ivory!

Whether because man is not yet sufficiently conscious of himself, or for some unknown reason connected with his religious beliefs, the rendering of the human form does not compare with that of the animals. Nor do the flint knives, the most ancient relics of man's life, show the feeling for style, the preference for one mass

and pattern over others that we find in the later stone age when, long after the first one, the tools, weapons, vases, etc., tell of a new stage in man's development. The artist is now able to express the ideas of a collectivity—not merely that of the people around him, but of the race in its reaching backward and forward in the generations that follow each other in a development already containing the notion of progress.

This is doubtless the history of the first centuries or rather thousands of years in Egypt—the land whose evolution we can trace back the furthest. In view of the slowly changing character of the very early periods, one can only guess at the length of the effort needed to carry us from the stone age to that of the first Egyptians, and to bring about such perfection as we find in the country's art at the dawn of its historic era, some four thousand years before Christ.

Ten centuries more elapse, and we find the people building the pyramids. The most stable of forms is symbolic of the most stable of races. First in the mind of the architect is the idea of the horizontal of the earth, which his eye sees as he looks

out across the desert, and which the Nile emphasizes in its steady flow. At right angles to this plane he digs the pit for his dead or raises the columns for his temple. The oblique lines have the same geometrical logic. And when we come to sculpture and painting the sense of the weight and existence of things is found again. The body of the Sphinx is parallel with the surface of the earth, the head rises with solemn erectness. The sloping planes of flanks, head-dress, features and the rest have as inevitable a relation to the two primary directions as these have to each other. The king sits grandly upright, his thighs are horizontal, his lower legs vertical. The standing figures always advance with the same foot forward, the angles of legs and arms accentuate the measured rhythm that runs through the figure as a whole,—through the art as a whole.

Coming to it from the freedom of the Greeks or of the more modern schools, men have seen rigidity in Egyptian art. The word is ill chosen, like "primitive," its contemporary in the history of criticism. The Egyptians do not arrest the flow of life but cause it to continue

throughout their whole production, even as their religion told them that it continued after death, endlessly reviving when each new growth of the soil followed each predetermined overflow of the river. A sense of the world based on the regular alternation of day and night, of the seasons, on the movements of the sun—the chief god—and the Nile, as eternal as the desert, would clearly have gravity, but it is also seen to have grace, fantasy, even gayety when one comes to know Egyptian expression.

Its realities are based on the sober acceptance of natural law which we have seen in the building of the country. As the weight of objects demands a corresponding strength and support, so man lives from food and drink, and the state rests on the relationship of the people to the rulers, and these are bound by the claims of justice and kindness. The gods weigh each life in the scales and know its value with an exactitude characteristic of everything that the Egyptian mind deals with. Whether the attention of this mind be fixed on the quarrying, shaping, and setting of a great stone—a monolith, the rendering in wood of the muscle and skin

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of a woman, or the inlay of gems in a minute sculpture of gold, the Egyptian demand for rightness remains the same. The genius of this unchanging land had been fathomed by the people in the long, slow era before the dynasties; when we reach the recorded time which they cover, Egypt could go on without hesitation or doubt. Indeed, in the modern idea of the word, there is no development during the historic epoch. We can assign a newly discovered work to its period with much confidence, since the artist's outlook changes with time, but the essential character of the whole school was announced from the beginning, and the subsequent changes were rather in intensity of expression and excellence of workmanship than in direction and ideal.

Until the final decline, when national exhaustion and alien influences combined to bring about academic and commercial repetition, the visitor to that section of our imaginary museum which covers the longest time may feel pretty free to choose the epoch most in harmony with his intellectual needs. He may be chiefly stirred by the austerity of the period of Memphis, which saw the building of the

great pyramids and the carving of figures like the Sheik-el-Beled at Cairo and the Seated Scribe of the Louvre. He may care for the power of the Middle Kingdom (about 2500-1800 B.C.). He may find the greatest wonder in the Imperial period when Egypt, enriched by conquests abroad, built the enormous temple of Karnak at Thebes, or he may spend his time with the quieter perfections of the late dynasties.

Certainly the Old Kingdom, nearest to the time of formative development, has such a startlingly lifelike quality in its sculpture as we hardly find again. For those who prefer the vigor of the people before it has known the restraint that the noble and priestly castes were to impose later, the bold play of personality in the faces, the swell of muscle in the limbs, and the free and yet unmistakably ordered movement of lines and masses will make this early period seem the greatest. After it a less creative epoch sets in, but with the twelfth dynasty there is a new surging up of strength, and the work of the time, if less rugged than that which centers around the fifth dynasty, has a new fineness and reserve. With the

eighteenth dynasty, the fulness of Egyptian art has reached a height that presages decline. The country is torn by the new faith (or, as it seemed the heresy) of Akhnaton, but in his portraits and those of the people of his reign there is a type of spirituality that we have not found before.

When the decline comes it will not be uninterrupted, and indeed with the Saïte period one is tempted to think that the power of the early time has renewed itself—and without loss of that matchless delicacy which now reaches a point which even Egypt had never known before. The small wooden figures of women have elusive surfaces that seem to tell more of the mystery of the world than anything else we can think of. The fineness of outline and the subtlety of planes in the models that the master sculptors produce for the marvelous copyists, exceed in fastidious exactitude anything that we have beheld previously.

But at the same time, memories of the grandeur of the centuries going back to Memphis and beyond cause the old race to carve portraits so awesome in their silent intensity that we might well think

their belief in immortality was proved by this new rebirth. Even so, the end was slowly approaching. Yet, while it comes, we see, in this last union of power and exquisiteness, how the qualities have been present throughout the history of Egyptian art. The great pyramids, the great temples, the colossal statues might not have told us how intimately their stark realism was informed by the pure sentiment of the people if a less severe school had not let us see the tenderness of this art as it sinks to rest.

In the Ptolemaic period, after Alexander's invasion of the country, there is still such vitality in the ancient people as to continue the character of Egypt in the face of conquerors with all the prestige of Greece behind them. At Alexandria, where the two civilizations mingle, one sees the younger race, though politically the master, yielding to the genius of the older one. The portraits, particularly the painted ones which accompany the dead, have a last haunting echo of the Egyptian sense of character. Even well into the Christian era the Copts —the Egyptian converts to the new faith, weave their beautiful tapestries ac-

cording to the tradition handed down from the ancient artists of the land. This is the last direct survival of its genius, whose influence however, was to be felt by Greece and Rome and, by way of them, down to our own day.

Since Egypt has the longest of all histories itself and enters the history of all the later time, there is a temptation to judge its art in relation with that of other peoples. To do so is a mistake, as one comes to feel more and more, not only through study of the schools but even of individuals. "After us the deluge" is no bad watchword for the artists, if they mean thereby that they intend to develop their powers to the fullest, without asking how they compare with the Old Masters, or whether they are better or worse than their contemporaries, or what the future is to think of them. Most often, it is just such men that the future does take account of. Egypt was in contact with the ancient lands of the Near East, through commerce from the earliest time, and through invasions later on, (first when Egyptian conquerors made themselves master of the countries east of the Mediterranean, later when the

Assyrians overran Egypt). But one finds no trace on either art of influence from the other. This might seem natural as regards the Egyptians in view of their being the senior race and of a higher type of civilization than the Assyrians.

Such reasoning does not apply in the case of those predecessors of the Assyrians, the Sumerians or, as they are perhaps more generally called, the Chaldeans. This people, whom we can follow back to the fourth millennium before Christ—the time of the great pyramids and the Sphinx, can scarcely descend from a line less grand than that of the Egyptians. And the scant remains of Chaldean art have stirred in the mind of many a beholder no less profound an enthusiasm. Indeed, in the mystery surrounding the few pieces we possess, there is a quality so overpowering that at times one asks oneself whether they are not more marvelous than the finest things in Egypt.

Their course through history, as far as we can follow it, covers a much shorter time. And we have not for the region of the Tigris and Euphrates, as we had for the region of the Nile, whole cities with mighty architecture and monuments;

there is little of the minor arts, and no painting. The recent excavations at Ur tell us something of the life of this people, but as yet we have no examples of their building such as would connect with the statues discovered in the 'seventies, at Tello, and that would show the Chaldean in relation to the arts around him in the way that the great statues at Cairo (or in the Boston Museum) illustrate the mind that produced the constructions of early Egypt.

Yet the Chaldean was essentially a constructor. We see this in the character of the glorious heads and figures that time has spared to us, and one of the men represented, Goudea, a local chief or governor, had himself portrayed with a plan for the building of a city before him—sufficient testimony to the importance that such matters had for his race. Even without this, however, we need only look at the accented definition of angles and planes in this muscular forearm, at the rigorous clarity with which the forms of the toes are marked out as the two feet set so firmly on the ground, to know that such a genius would naturally translate itself into great architecture.

Further evidence on this score is furnished by the metal vases of the Sumerians. Already their outline has a logic and a boldness that bespeaks a people with a sense for a simple and sweeping plan in their art. We are, from a European viewpoint, looking out toward the Orient, but here is nothing to suggest, for example, the profuseness of Hindu art as it overlays its constructions with a forest of detail. On the contrary, the forms which decorate the surface of the object before us have a symmetry which is obviously the echo of that which we first note as presiding over the outer contours of the vase. Its profiles express in non-representational fashion the idea of the land of Sumer, as the two winged creatures engraved on the surface tell us something of its mythology: the two things are in perfect accord in their witnessing of the greatness of the distant race.

Its art agrees, once more, with a relic of information concerning one of its chief interests, which was astronomy. Chaldean sculpture, with its sense of vastness, its circular and spherical forms suggesting the motion of things that rotate without cease, is such an expression

as we can well understand from men who have steadily watched the course of the heavenly bodies. The grandeur of this art is no more monotonous than the night sky. The infinite spaces, the fate-like movement, the glitter of the stars in their mysterious fixity and their eternal relationships were all felt by this ancient people, and it is such matters that are spoken of by the character of their sculpture.

To understand it is to understand the meaning of the word character in art. The impulse of the man new to the museum is to say that he sees little of character in the impassive features, the wide, "empty" eyes of the Chaldean prince. Or, confronted with a headless figure, our visitor is puzzled if we speak with such certitude of the expression we see in it. He sees a gray stone image of a muscular individual rather stiffly seated or standing. Where do we get all these high-flown words about its meaning? Didn't we just imagine those things? If art were defined in terms of its subject, our sceptic would be right. But the expression, in this work as in all others, is to be sought in what we may conven-

iently call the æsthetic element, mass and plane, line and color.

When one approaches the art of the Sumerians from this standpoint, one sees how far these elements are from the academic or trivial use to which weak periods have put them. It is by the sweep and daring of the forms that this race told its conception of the magnificence of the universe. And when we have gained access to the language of the forms we grasp the rhythmic accent of this art in a mere fragment of stone as well as in the great stela of Hammurabi, on which the code of laws of the people are inscribed by order of its king. Some four centuries have elapsed since the time of Goudea, but we recall again that in the ancient Orient a "thousand years are as a day"; the truth at which this people has arrived in such a length of time and by such meditation as we can only surmise, remains unaltered. And today, when forty centuries have passed since the reign of Hammurabi, we look on this art at the Louvre and find realized in it our own needs and aspirations.

If this most august expression is attained primarily by means of the more

abstract elements, a different art will come with the people whom we next encounter in this Babylonian-Mesopotamian region. The Assyrians, whose greatest development comes in the eighth and seventh centuries, B.C., inherit from the Sumerians a splendid discipline in sculpture, and so are prepared to give their own idea of life. It is one in which the outer world plays a dominant rôle, and so we find naturalism developed with the greatest intensity.

The human figure, as if to give it a special distinction, receives certain stylistic attributes, as in the statement of gesture, in the curls of the beard and the drawing of the eye, all of which are treated in a different spirit from that which marks the observation of the animals. Here Assyrian art is supreme. Not a single phase of the portrayal—whether that of proportion, outline, anatomy, movement, or character—leaves anything to be improved on. The realism is startling, whether of the beasts in repose, in violent action (as when they spring through the air), in the agony of a death-wound, or in death itself. Hunting and war are the chief interests expressed by

this people; it pays homage to the strength and beauty of the quarry by copying the forms of lions, antelopes, etc., with an exactitude which is the measure of its passion for them, while the ferocity of the Assyrian armies is no less graphically described.

Here, then, is an art characterized by immense physical energy and enjoying the scope of world-wide conquests, for such they were at the time. Moreover, if the people does not originate its means, as its predecessors in this land had done, it shows how a tradition two or three thousand years old may be used even by a different race, and how it may be applied to a new purpose.

For the idea of the Assyrian, the glorification of bodily or military prowess, is at a far remove from the high spirituality (no less charged with strength) of the Chaldean. To affirm dominion over the animals or over conquered races, a realistic art was appropriate, even essential, just as the philosophic ideal of the earlier people found its magnificent expression in an art which, using to the fullest the appearance of men, went beyond that into the creation of form.

Lacking the genius for this, the Assyrians give a new importance to decoration, and so foreshadow much of the art that is, later, to be typical of the Orient. It is true that the Egyptians had, on innumerable occasions, skillfully disposed objects within certain boundaries and with careful regard for the reaction of one space and contour to the others. But their design confers only the more significance on the various things represented when the ensemble of the lines and colors is given its graceful or spirited character. In the earlier art of the Near-East this is likewise true. But when the Assyrian made himself master of the ancient world and its wealth, he went to new lengths in telling of his opulence.

Beginning with him and developing under his Persian successor is a willingness to pay a higher price for ornament. At first the love of it is to be noted only in detail—the added emphasis on the pattern of leaves, on the lines of drapery and of hair. Then rosettes and palmettes appear without logical reason; they are there to fill spaces which, in the earlier representations, would have been crowded with detail of the scene recorded. There

is a relaxation of the fierce genius which gave us, in the animals of the Assyrians, what are probably the most admirable works of pure naturalism which have ever been produced. Their power may be judged by the fact that for over a thousand years it was the basis of Persian art: in the immense extent of its building, in the size of the monuments it hews out of the sides of mountains, and the richness of its decoration. But with this latter people the singleness of intention that has characterized previous expressions is no longer present.

As the invasion of Asia by the Pharaohs had carried knowledge of Egyptian art into the East, as the conquests of the Assyrians and the Medo-Persian kings replied later on, there grew up along the shores of the Mediterranean and on its islands, a civilization partaking of the character of the great creative centers of antiquity, but possessing a character modified by their mingling on new soil where, also, the thought of the primitive inhabitants had its effect on the production of the new peoples that were forming. Not too much of our hour of art must be spent on history, but a glance

may well be given at the mingling of races and cultures around the Aegean Sea especially in Crete. Every art derives from ingredients of race, geography, and history, even though we must not be too sure in our analysis, later on, when we are tempted to attribute this or that quality to a certain cause. Still less can we say at the present time what effects will follow from the presence—in America, let us say—of given cultural factors.

With this much of caution, we may approach the fascinating problem of the predecessors and origins of the Greeks. The first civilization encountered in their part of the world had reached a very high peak by 1500 B.C. Excavations in Crete during the last thirty years have brought forth an amazing treasure of art there. The Oriental and Egyptian elements in it are clearly visible; but already a new gusto in the observation of plant, animal, and human forms causes us to feel that on the soil to be called Hellenic an art could arise whose freedom would give to the world qualities never before revealed. Already there is the most vigorous delight in the sights of the sea, its vegetation, fishes, octopus and the like, in the power

of the bull—whether recorded in sculpture or in painting, and in the beauty of men and women. The extraordinarily life-like glance of their eyes, which are exaggerated in size by the artist, the greedy pleasure with which he follows the lines of a slender waist and full breasts, make us exclaim at the modernity of Aegean art. And rightly so—unless we want to put the matter the other way, and say that the joyous response of our painters to the beauty around them recalls the splendors of Crete—and of many another Romantic center (it is clear that the men who gave us the "Vase of the Reapers" or the mural paintings of the bull-ring were more intent on telling of a new pride in living than they were on equalling the perfections of Egyptian art, which they knew).

The early centuries of the Greek mainland have shown nothing so far to equal these achievements of Crete. Yet the "Cyclopean" architecture and the wonderful gold and silver uncovered by Schliemann at Mycenae and Tiryns (south of Corinth) were exciting enough for that great excavator when he gave to the men of sixty years ago their

glimpse of the world of Homer. By the eighth or the seventh century B.C. this world had been pretty well transformed by the northern invaders called Achaians or Dorians, whose union with the earlier Aegean peoples gave us the culture of Greece.

Here the two impulses described in our survey of the elements of art are found playing almost equal rôles, and with such effect as has never been attained before or since. The vitality of a new race is added to that of an old one which, as we noted just before, already possessed an immense faculty for audacious self-expression. Sea-faring, in which the Greeks have excelled from the ancient days to our own, brought them into contact with the great civilizations of the past—a past not yet complete; it also gave them colonies to the west (in Italy, northern Africa, France and Spain), and brought back from those lands the stimulant of wealth. All this made for an element of adventure, of new sensation. The Greek felt it as he looked on his growing cities after seeing the old ones of Asia or Egypt, and his archaic statues smile in enjoyment of their quickening life. And when

we today turn to the younger art of these Europeans we also feel its Romantic quality, even if, in later periods, it has been the Classical impulse of the Greeks which generally seemed the prevailing one.

From the first, to be sure, this was very strong. Perhaps the fact that the Greek had emerged from barbarism more recently than his Aegean predecessors gave him an ingenuous respect for the achievement of peoples who, for thousands of years, had been evolving their art. And so, he set out to develop from the harsh strength of his beginnings, and work toward perfections which were to equal theirs; moreover his inveterate warfare with the luxurious Oriental, the difference between his inquiring, progressive mind and the static calm of the Egyptian gave him a watchword characteristic of the Classical school: "Nothing to excess."

Thus the balance of this supreme art is not alone that which exists among its details, whether the parts of a work or the lines and planes which compose each part. It is the balance between the instinct for new ideas and the instinct which bids us organize, clarify, sublimate

our holdings. The lists which scholars are always drawing up anew of the things which the later time owes to Greece are a token of the adventurous, creative element in the Hellenic spirit; the way in which the whole after-world has drawn on Greek art for counsels of perfection is evidence of its Classical achievement—and of the universal appeal of the Classical.

If we can see both phases of this art as things so essentially and thrillingly alive, we need fear none of the epithets that have been applied to the Greek objects in our museum—or rather to certain later men who have failed to grasp the significance of those objects. The fault is not with the Greek if the externals of his art have proved too dazzling a lure for imitators—in the time of Rome or in our own time; and when there has been talk of rebellion against the tyranny of the classics it has not, in reality, been directed against these works themselves but against pedants whose procedure reversed that of the artists they assume to represent.

Comparison of Greek works with those of the Egyptians or the Asiatics shows

that the new people was willing to learn from the past. But from the first it treated its models freely and in its own way. Even on those islands where the ancient traditions persisted longest, the Hellenic accent is heard as soon as the race has begun to define itself, and soon the vocabulary of the artist is as completely his own as are his ideas.

The archaic period, lasting almost to the time of the Persian War, fascinated the late nineteenth century and the first years of the twentieth by its vigor and its grace—both of which have the note characteristic of art before it is yet at full maturity. As much as one can predict the future of preference among the schools, there is no doubt but that posterity will continue the modern admiration for the "Apollos," with their decisively marked planes, the relationship of their masses, as clear as those of a temple, and the eager sense of vitality they convey; it is equally sure that the maidens of the old Acropolis have entered the mind of mankind to endure as one of its definitive symbols of loveliness —whether considered from the standpoint of their womanhood or from that

of their exquisite surfaces and the lines of their fluted draperies.

But as we made progress in appreciation when we turned from dull Roman copies to the stupendous archaic works of Delphi, for example, so we progress again when we accept the wisdom of the Greek people in moving from earlier formulas to those of the fifth century—as seen at Aegina and in the Parthenon. Critics have noted with admiration the fact that after the sack of the Acropolis by the Persians, the marvelous statues which had formerly stood there were not set up again. But perhaps this means more than the continuance of that Romanticist power of pushing on to new horizons which we observed in Greece from her beginnings. The driving out of the Oriental invader was the signal, immediately acted upon, for the production of that long series of works in this period: it is they which mark the triumph of Greek genius. From these sculptures the last trace of foreign influence departs, Greece is no longer eclectic but creative, in the same sense that Egypt had been.

Such a fact gives one a surer basis for judgment than individual taste or even

that of a whole period. The greater claim to be made for the sculptors of Olympia and of the Parthenon, as compared with the archaic men, does not rest on the increased control over naturalistic form but on the fact that the fifth century is the time when Greece comes to know the full meaning of the art through which she takes her place beside (or above?) the older races, with their longer period of development and the independence of alien thought in which they achieved it. The Hellenic character of the greatest period continues into the fourth century and gives to a Scopas or a Praxiteles his unshakable authority. Still, as compared to the time just before, these men are felt to give a beginning of personal expression, instead of voicing the collective genius of the whole people.

And so the old distinction as to their change from the *ethos*, the universal feeling of the previous time, to the *pathos* (the individual feeling) of the later one may be accepted once more. It explains why even these artists, matchless as they are for their own qualities, presage the decline. It comes after Alexander, conquering the whole ancient world, has

spread Greek art too far beyond its native territory. The very name for this period, Hellenistic, indicates a dilution of the original genius: through renewed contact with the Orient and Egypt, and through being forced to accept patronage or service from the alien and ill-educated Romans. Yet until Barbarian invasions closed the chapter of classical civilization in the west of Europe, it is Greek art and its descendants that dominate from the Aegean to the Atlantic.

I am not attempting to write a history of art or to cover all of its manifestations in any country; our programme, laid down at the outset, was to consider art as a record of the human race. From this standpoint it is quite logical to let what has been said of the Greeks, as defined by their sculpture, apply also to their architecture. The barest outline of its immense achievement would throw the scheme of this discussion out of scale—and with any Greek building before the mind, no fault could here be worse.

A more unfortunate reason exists for not speaking of the painting of Greece: the destruction of it has been so nearly complete that all we know of it is a few

Hellenistic or Roman remains, principally those of Pompeii. The decoration on the vases gives us a hint of what it was before painting made its investigation of the third dimension, through modeling in light and shade and through perspective. Since the decadent period can show pictures that compare well with those of Venice at a high point of that city's art, one is forced to conclude that the painting of the greater time approached or perhaps equalled the art of the sculptor and would present as formidable a test for everything which has since been produced.

The vase painting, while displaying to practiced eyes the difference between creator and copyist, is still a product of the artisan class, which derived inspiration from the work of the great artists but did not attempt to rival them. The same is true of another expression of this people, the figurines generally spoken of as Tanagras. Anyone who looks at these enchanting works more than casually will see that their grace and gaiety is only a veil over the nobly constructive genius evidenced in a Doric temple, throughout the sculpture, and in the proportions of

a vase. The minor works of Greece permit us, scarcely less than the major ones, to appreciate the combined effect of the great elements of all art: the Romantic force called life and the harmonious form which is the Classical ideal. In no other country has the union of the two things been so marvelously maintained. Men who spend their lives over art return, as an almost unbroken rule, to the Greek rooms of their museum and find there the enjoyment that endures the longest.

Certainly we do not approach its limits by way of Roman art. The Italian peninsula had furnished a market for Greece. But its chief people in ancient times, the Etruscans, gave a direction of their own to the art from abroad, one that was, later, to make its influence felt in the Tuscany of the Renaissance. Thus, with so powerful a genius of its own, it is not surprising that the country should have stood apart from the spirit that gave Phidias to the world. To ask such a thing is to mistake the essential quality of both the peoples. The Roman, by his activity, proved a better understanding. When the political ruin of Corinth and Athens brought to the conqueror great stores of

Greek works, they were eagerly disputed by collectors, of whom Rome had many. The artists from the older country were held in honor and had schools in Rome, but the genius of the people amid whom they lived was unlike theirs and scarcely attempted to profit by their example.

The essential point is that Rome had its own genius. The race that perfected the military science of the ancients, that could understand and master the great routes of communication—not only in the lands around the Mediterranean but clear to the north of Europe—had a grasp of law and a sense of unified action that was new to mankind. The immense empire demanded an organization unattained by the Greek city states, with their jealous local pride. To bind together this empire and give ready access to its various parts, roads were needed—and such an era of road-building results as the world has not known at any other time. One recognizes the Roman road throughout western Europe today. It governed the development of the region through which it passed, and its commanding lines measure the vision of the men who thus planned the union of a group of conti-

nents. If the idea of a road seems strange in a discussion of art, let me quote Elie Faure's striking definition of it—a wall built horizontally.

And no one who has seen Roman wall-building has failed to perceive its magnificence. Before such grandeur of scale one realizes that the people who thought in these terms have qualities that the Greek had not; indeed one needs to recall the fineness and depth of the Hellenic art to avoid being carried away by the sweep of an achievement totally different in kind. Instead of buildings small in size but reaching out through their harmony to the vast spaces of the mind, Rome with her mastery of material space will give us aqueducts whose repeated arches span a valley in a manner which the Greek never conceived.

If the arch, and other features of Roman building, have their antecedents in the art of earlier civilizations, if the sculpture is even more directly traceable to the Greek mind of the preceding time, we still must recognize a purely Roman factor in the matter: it is that sense of purpose which, applying old forms to uses previously unknown, converts them

into new forms. The faculty for divining this purpose arises in the Roman's genius for seizing upon realities.

To this he owes the logic of his laws, of his military art, of his roads, his arches and vaults, and his portraits. The last-named works were not, of course, the first portraits to be produced. But if we call to mind an Egyptian or a Greek head, for example, the difference between it and one by a Roman strikes us immediately. In the earlier arts close observation of a particular man or woman may give one the most intense idea of personality and life; but the recording of the particular never interferes with the statement of the universal—to take once more the contrasting words of Aristotle.

The Egyptian and the Greek need make no effort to keep the detail of their portrait within the frame offered by the great rhythmical lines of their sculpture, for those lines belong to the very tissue of their minds. It is part of the greatness of Rome that it can escape these lines, that it can renew and widen our experience by such observation of nature as does not imagine breaking the rhythms of the ancients, since it proceeds in candid

innocence of them. To realize what this means, take the statue of some Roman general as a god, of some Roman lady as a vestal: the body and drapery of the figure bore us with the dull routine of the copyist mechanically hardening the lines and chilling the surfaces that had once moved and breathed at the touch of Greek hands; but the firm mouth and eyes of the general, the noble if somewhat cold beauty of the lady are thrilling to meet with after the long centuries when gods and goddesses have looked down on us from superhuman heights. To see men and women as the Roman portraitist let us do, to find them so startlingly like what they are today is no small part of the romance which an hour in our museum affords.

For many of us the greatest of its adventures lie within the narrow space occupied by the peoples of Europe and those whom we have seen as their predecessors. But there are other arts, and it is time to have a look at the galleries which represent them. The comparison with some actual museum will serve better than it has hitherto. Few of us can travel through Asia to see its immense archi-

tecture and the monumental sculpture which must forever remain in place; more than the difficulties of travel awaits the person who would know at first hand the arts of ancient America, North and South, and of the Dark Continent outside its Mediterranean littoral. For these countries, guide books far better informed than any now existing would be needed to direct us to the works of distant peoples. Often these works are still buried in the earth or in the forests. So, for the present, we must rely chiefly on examples accessible to us in the great public collections, though our imagined course there will follow that of the expeditions from Europe into the countries themselves.

Mention has been made of the art with which ancient Persia continued that of Assyria. The character of the country may almost be said to have been determined at that time. Rarely originating, it goes on from century to century as a great cultural center for the Near East, intelligently using the innovations of the whole expanse of countries from Asia Minor to China, and always giving them a special stamp of its own. At one time

Greek workmen will have a share in the art, repaying the influence which had gone out to their race from the Orient. At other times memories of the most ancient designs of Mesopotamia will surge up. Christian imagery, moving eastward from Byzantium, will find a response among Persian painters who, with the sure instinct of their country, develop the art to such a point that it can, in a later stage, father an important school in India and even send back certain preferences, a certain quality of fineness, as far as Italy. When Persian rulers are ready for the most beautiful ceramics, they bring the artists of China to work at their kilns; but far from becoming servile copyists, the Persians continue the old tradition of giving their own quality to whatever is produced on their soil. The result is seen in an art whose sensitive, aristocratic modelling of vases, cups, etc., combines with an unheard of wealth of color to offer almost the final expression to Oriental luxury.

When we push on to India in our rapid survey, we no longer find the single character amid complexity of influence that we have just noticed in Persia. The

enormous diversity of the continent—in matters of race, religion, environment and period—makes of Indian art a phenomenon which may perhaps best be compared with one of its own masses of sculpture. Hundreds of figures are compactly grouped in a pyramid, with heads, arms and legs protruding in every direction. A pulsating movement seems to make the whole thing live, the lights and shadows on it are not fixed but vary with the movement of the sun. The details tell of everything from profound spirituality to naked lust.

But as we mention this latter contrast, we must remember that a European sense of the world is expressing itself in the words. The spirituality radiates from a round, healthy face that could easily change its mood of rapt contemplation to one of simple enjoyment of life. The long row of voluptuous dancers which reiterates what for all the West would be a gesture of licentiousness is performing a religious rite. In this land of teeming fecundity everything tells of the sacredness of that which lives, whether it be a race exalting the forces which make for its continuance and increase, or a sect

which, not content with proscribing the use of animals as food, goes to extraordinary lengths in avoiding the accidental killing of an insect. And beside this stream of faith goes that other one which sees the sublimation of our being in the rise above earthly existence.

The two streams flow steadily, fatefully, into that ocean which is the art of India. Until we grasp a fair share of the meaning imbedded in this homage to individual and universal life, we are not in a position to discuss the architecture, the sculpture and the painting of the immense peninsula which is, after all, a unity. Contemplation of its prodigality and its genius for conserving may help us to understand not only Indian art but the force that underlies the art of other countries. It is certain that we shall learn more of the school before us if we look on it as an expression of life than if we examined it from the standpoint of the æsthetic properties.

With the Chinese, though at a further remove from us than the people of India, we may take up once more the approach toward art that we have used before. The Chinese themselves set us the example for

this. From very early times their philosophers have worked at the problems of the making and appreciating of art. No more than the men of the West do they think that the artist or the connoisseur reaches his goal by following rules: the creation and the enjoyment are due to factors too deep in the nature of things and of ourselves for that to be possible. But when once the work has been produced, we all like to exchange impressions, to give or get reason for them, if we can. By doing either the former or the latter thing, we may clear the way for new impressions. Hence your occupation and mine at this moment, gentle reader; and it is no small justification of it that we may derive from the civilization of China.

The commonplace of discussions about that land is to say that it has everything —that sooner or later one finds that it has anticipated all discoveries. In art, the objects which lead us back to the first dawn of Chinese history already denote an immense preceding development, just as we found to be the case with the Egyptians and the Sumerians. Those ancient races no longer exist, as the Chinese people still does. Although no art worthy

of the tradition has been produced in the country during recent times we need not inquire very long as to whether this is the oldest living school. Had it lost vitality before the coming of the Occidental? As in so many thousands of art questions, we must let time decide. Do I dislike a certain modern painter whom you think very fine? Let us talk of the matter again after ten years have passed. By then we shall have had an opportunity to see and think more; I know no other way by which we are likely to come to agreement.

In the problem of China, perhaps more than in that of any other country, time is the factor that plays the important rôle. Given time, this people that is so strange to us will double on its tracks (according to Western ideas), and resume its development from a point lying centuries back in its history. This is the thing we need to remember in speculating as to the future of Chinese art, as also in surveying the vast field of its past. If one asks for grandeur, for profundity, for inventiveness, for perfection, one finds them all in the sculpture, the bronzes, the ceramics. One would like something more lively? Here is painting

in which portraiture has run its full gamut and reaches caricature of the most startling kind; here is landscape that goes from solemn meditation on the mountains, on the sea, and on space to the notation of a twig bending under the weight of a bird. So also in the matter of technique: one may have the severely impersonal line that pursues a contour with relentless slowness, or one may follow the gesture of the artist as his incredibly skillful hand starts his brush with a stroke an inch broad to end it with a hair's breadth fineness.

A Chinese, showing you the marvels in his section of the museum, anticipates your demands at every moment. As you formulate them he points to this exhibit or that, and he is so placid in his certainty of having everything, that you can scarcely say that he is triumphing. It would be too soon for him to do so. For we are only now beginning to know his art well enough to say wherein, after all, it is lacking. We needed to go back several times to our own art to convince ourselves that the size, the slowness, the very depth of China have in them an element of monotony.

That word did not occur to us in the presence of the immense art of Egypt. With all the static quality in the genius of that land, we see there something of our own need for wrestling with unknown problems. There is no fatalism, no consent to an unlimited authority in the past, however tenaciously the Egyptian holds to its teaching. Chinese art knows no such struggle. Its vast bulk, its silences and reserve are impressive enough at first, and for a long time. But when one comes to examine a Wei or T'ang head or figure one finds that the simplification of the planes has not included that fulness which is attained by the form of the best sculpture among the Occidental peoples. The final decision of our students has not yet been reached. (I do not say, indeed, that they have authority to pass judgment.) But as they take us back to the arts of the Han and Chou periods, the earliest of record in Chinese production, and therefore the ones continuing most of the vigor of the primitive, we still find that type of sureness which comes of endless repetition rather than the grasp of essentials which makes us wonder at the art of Chaldea, of ancient Mexico, or of

Europe in the great schools which that continent has frequently brought forth.

If an opinion like the foregoing sounds presumptuous when spoken by a man of the West, perhaps a confirming idea may be derived from the Japanese. Their whole art seems to comment in some such fashion on that of China, and its tendency is crystallized in the clear words of their eminent modern critic Okakura Kakuzo. His writings are so accessible, so compact, and so delightful that I shall not risk marring the pleasure in them of the reader who has not yet made their acquaintance by dwelling on the contrast between Chinese and Japanese art, or by attempting a survey of the latter.

Let us rather take three Japanese objects in our Museum and give to them closer attention than our Zeppelin flight across Asia has permitted us so far. I propose a Buddha of the eighth century A. D., a painting by Sesshu, and a color print by Harunobu. The first will show us Japanese sculpture in relation to the schools of the Continent; the second, one of the classics of painting; the third, a flower of the popular art of the "Passing-World-Picture." Here are a thousand

years during which, contrary to the Chinese critics, Japan has been herself. She was so before the period, she remains so afterward.

The religious work has a realization of the profound character of its subject, and seems in no wise inferior to that of the great Chinese sculptures. Japan having learned from them, it is remarkable that this figure not only bears comparison with those of the older country but that it already reveals the independence of a people which was to modify the qualities it had inherited. Perhaps a knowledge of Buddhism would be needed before one could state specifically what constitutes the new interpretation of the great theme. But a mere acquaintance with the idiom of sculpture makes us feel that the traditional rendering of mystic meditation has suffered no loss of nobility because of the fresh vigor which the Japanese artist has imparted to the lines and surfaces. Their vitality is like a stimulant for the beholder after he has looked at a series of works by the Chinese of the time. With the latter, the stylization of features, forms, and draperies has too frequently become rigid, the thousand-fold repetition dulling all

personal sentiment. This new school brings oxygen into the incense-laden air of the temple, and contains a promise that it will continue such a contribution to Asiatic art.

Critics searching for defects in the Japanese schools have affirmed that the latter obtain their exquisiteness at the price of the grand and monumental. To say so is probably to fall into the error which would look on French art as a charming diminutive of that of Italy. But the fact that the Italian appeared first and produced towering masterpieces is no justification for failing to see that French art, rooted to the earth by its Romanesque and Gothic ancestry, has gone on with a line of authentic creation that should no more be compared with Italian than with German products. Genius is not a relative but an absolute property, and only confusion can result from attempts to find parallelism in lines essentially different in direction.

Having (as I hope) satisfied ourselves from the religious sculpture of the earlier Japan that the country possesses a genius of its own, we are prepared to look at the painting which follows in more recent

centuries. Sesshu still has a surface resemblance to Chinese art—which his countrymen have never ceased to collect and study. But how free is his poetry of the air, of movement, of character, after the gravity of the Continental school! It would be a severe critic indeed who could see mere daintiness here. The exact decision as to the placing of a leaf, of a wing, of a cloud is not the mark of a school of æsthetes who separate art from life (though such people have seized on Japanese painting and succeeded, to some slight extent, in bringing discredit upon it). The classicist's perfection in obtaining variety and harmony is at the service of a people whose delight in nature is constantly leading to unexpected discovery. To the Orient, the Japanese faculty for inventing decorative design—for a sword-guard or a lacquer or a textile—must have come with almost the same surprise that it had in store for the Occident.

In the eighteenth century, when the woodblock offers its products at a price within every one's purse, the pictorial art, which had previously been accessible only to rich connoisseurs, comes to represent

the whole people. In this "popular school," as in other forms of art, the earlier masters afford a weighty basis for the development, the later men work toward magnificent balance and then to breathless intimacy. With a Harunobu or a Koriusai we come on such rendering of feminine gesture, such expression of the sheltered loveliness of Oriental women as the subtle rhythm of these draftsmen alone could give, while the pale tones of colored ink on paper repeat the mood of the line and bid farewell to the older schools of Japan. A new one was coming with the vigorous art of Hokusai; his inheritors continue the effort till the arrival of the European. What that may mean is not yet clear in the confusion of the later time.

It is a different world that we enter when we reach the more distant islands of the Pacific. Here, having passed beyond such an extension of the art of the continent as Java is, we are in the presence of real primitives once more. The ceremonial masks of the South Sea peoples, daubed with violent blue and green, express elemental ideas; the intricate spirals or other patterns on a shield tell

of closeness to the rich plant life of the forest and the sea. The direct impressiveness of such an art could spell freedom to Europeans bored with *fin-de-siècle* sophistication when Gauguin discovered the idols, the utensils and the cloths of Tahiti.

Men may forget their capacity for the feelings expressed by the childhood of the race, as civilization calls it. But when contact with the things is renewed, we discover that the feelings are ready to well up again. In the presence of that people of colossal stone figures now deserted on Easter Island (or even before the single example of them which is to be seen in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington) we know once more the wonder that primitive man felt as he got his sense of the universe. When we reach the carving of the surely related peoples of Alaska and the coast southward, we hear an echo of the ocean that they looked out upon and, in a language we can understand, their totem poles and household implements tell of the character of beasts and fish. Even more, the vitality of the forms and their necessity for men are the source of emotion which

translates itself into monumental lines, polished surfaces and broad yet complex design that delights even the most infrequent visitor to the museum.

Certainly Theodore Roosevelt was not one who passed a very large part of his time there, yet he once wrote some lines on a Navajo blanket he possessed which indicate a perfectly genuine sense of the admirable pattern in such things. Similarly the fine color in the bead work of the American Indians gives such products of theirs a place besides the works of the Orientals and Europeans in our galleries. Moving southward we find pottery among the Pueblo peoples which is worthy to stand beside that of the earliest Egyptians, and which is indeed surprisingly like it in form. This is natural, for the use of the objects, their need to stand or to pour forth their contents, was the same in the widely separated lands.

Although the great number of resemblances between the art of ancient America and that of Africa and Asia tempt us to see influence from one of these sections of the globe on another, although we may yet find some actual contact between them, it is more impor-

tant to recognize the identity of need and aspiration in the different peoples than to establish a historical connection among them. Certainly when we cross the border between the United States and Mexico (realizing how artificial it is when we see the continuation of the art of our south-western states in those of the north-western ones of Mexico) we enter a land whose expression could not have been other than intelligible to an Assyrian or an Egyptian. The latter would find pyramids precisely like his own; the former would find serpents in sculpture no less realistic and impressive than his lions, bulls or deer. But the likeness of form and of subject is not the chief thing to take as one's criterion—as imitations of architecture and merely realistic sculpture have already proved to us.

The similarity essential for the purposes of our museum is that which exists between the men of the Old and the New Worlds in the matter of the idea and its expression in art. They have a sense of forces beyond themselves, they adore them and glorify them with mighty buildings whose proportions give the measure of their awe before the wonder

of the world. They take an elemental delight in its inhabitants, human, animal and vegetable, and that feeling dictates splendid masses, noble or graceful lines. On a continent unknown to Europeans until but a few centuries ago, lived men in whom we recognize ourselves anew.

More than that, they have expressed such ideas about pain and death (in Aztec sculpture), about the fruitfulness of the earth, and about its relation with the sun and the stars (in Toltec sculpture), that we are compelled to admit that all the achievement of the Old World would not have given us the knowledge of life we have today, since we have come to acquaintance with these wonderful things. And the manner in which art goes straight from primitive beginnings to the highest expression is witnessed again on the soil of Mexico when we see the peoples evolve heads or masks or animal or plant forms (that of a grasshopper or a pumpkin for example), which seem to concentrate all that we know of the grandeur of the world.

Through Central America and Colombia, through Peru, the story of the very ancient peoples continues to unfold, even

though in a fragmentary way, as we see the superb pottery, the feather-work, the amazingly life-like portraiture, and certain architectural remains which hint at civilizations still to be explored, if they are not lost to us forever.

Coming to the African galleries of our museum, we find a series of races whose story can scarcely be said to unfold, not so much because practically all dates are lost, but because we have here the true primitive, for whom time and evolution do not exist. Egyptian sculpture shows us portraits of Negro captives which are exact representations of the Africans of today. At some time which we can not determine Egyptian art crossed the borders of its land and became an influence on Negro sculpture. It is extremely probable that an influence went in the opposite direction also, and that the immemorial art of the black race had its share in developing the great school of the continent.

Yet from the most ancient times until Negro art is paralyzed by contact with the white men of recent centuries, there is no real change in the expression of the African. The case is however quite un-

like that of the Chinese. If the latter refuse the type of development which is typical of Europe, it is because of their immense regard for the past. The Negro knows of his past only through vague myths. The static quality of his art is due to its entire dependence on emotion. Among all races, he has, perhaps supremely, the faculty of abandoning himself to his religious awe, his ecstasy, his fear, his erotic sense. And his idols, exhibiting these ideas with complete intensity, translate them into the forms which have become a latter-day definition of form.

Going from emotion which requires the most explicit description of the features of a man or of his limbs and sex, to emotion which contents itself with an oval for the head, a triangle for the nose and a pair of cowries for the eyes, Negro sculpture never fails to find expressive proportions, living design, and fine surfaces. The material preferred is wood, and the African can make it glow like metal or have a dull quality like earth; sometimes he covers it with an intricate network of engraved lines, at other times it rises in accentuated ribbing, or again it

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recedes and then bulges forward in great mysterious planes. But always the æsthetic effect derives from that overpowering emotionalism of which he is the slave—and through which he stands forth as a master. The inventor of rhythms which are to the highest degree decorative, he is never a decorator in the sense which would make the word denote one who uses pattern or color to variegate form without regard to idea.

This latter condition is one which we at least approach when we return, on the soil of Africa (and that of Spain) to Mohammedan art, of which we saw something when crossing Persia. The Semitic hatred of idolatry caused the prophets—whether of Judea or of Islam—to proscribe the imitation of things in nature, and so the art of the Semites and the peoples they dominated turns to "abstraction"—pure design and pure color. It has been aptly inquired whether, after all, we do not take cause for effect in making an affirmation like the foregoing, whether the genius of the races did not dictate to the prophets the laws they should lay down. Given a love for luxury such as we have come to call Oriental,

given a clarity of thought such as we find in the Hebrew philosophers or the Arab mathematicians, one can see how the representation of objects would be a mere vexation to the art of the races which have expressed themselves through the domed architecture with its infinitely calculated balance, through geometrical pattern which imposes its name—the arabesque—on all languages, and through color which, starting from the flowers, birds, and light of the eastern lands, comes to a splendor no longer traceable to these brilliant things when it gives us the rugs and textiles, the ceramics, the jewelry, the tiles, and the inlay of marble, ivory, and metal of the Mohammedan artists. Before the vast extent and the vast importance of their production, no part of the visit to our museum will seem more insufficient than this one, but as we hasten on it is with a knowledge that we, like our own artists, shall constantly be returning to the art of the Islamic peoples.

In a sense we are continuing with them when we consider the art of Byzantium. At first regarded as a late form of Roman, since the emperor Constantine did bring

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with him a Roman influence when he transferred his capital to the east, Byzantine art has been shown by the epoch-making studies of Strzygowski to contain more of Oriental than of European elements. And precisely the spirituality of the Semitic genius which we have just observed would explain the Romantic phenomenon (as I called it when discussing the two well-springs of artistic effort), the phenomenon of the change in European expression after the coming of Christianity.

Byzantine art stands at the meeting place of the pagan and Christian civilizations. Something of the Hellenistic genius still lives in it, late Roman sculpture and the pictorial art which produced the frescoes and mosaics in Italy and North Africa furnish it with a formula for graphic representation, the East contributes color, the sense of the beauty of materials, certain designs which had remained unforgotten from the time of Babylon and Assyria, and also that love for curved surfaces in building—in which the Romans had already followed the early Orient. But today we see that the Christian expression in Byzantine art is

the one which was to dominate. The splendor of gold mosaic in some cathedral (Saint Mark's in Venice, for example) is of the East, like the cupolas, which rightly suggest a mosque. But see, amid the glow of the metal and stone, the pale but unescapable apparition of a face we have not seen before—that of the Madonna; or enormous in size, and dominating the warm shadows of a whole church, the Christ with the globe he is to reign over assumes a silent majesty that no Egyptian king or Roman emperor has possessed. Elongated, hesitant figures of angels, stern, thoughtful saints in gleaming mosaic, and others of an incorporeal luminosity in enamel tell of a new attitude toward religion and life.

It continues in every manifestation of this art, which we come to see as prophetic rather than reminiscent. And more than an indicator of the past or the future, it is itself: one of the great expressions of the human race. The elements have been fused in the mind of a new people, and the stately architecture, the massive proportions of smaller works like a pulpit or an altar, the powerful contrasts of blocks of marble, the decoration

of metal, wood and ivory with design fantastic in its inventiveness even while it brings forward anew motifs that date back to our earliest past, all proclaim the vitality that is in the world again and that may safely be drawn on for centuries to come.

In southern Italy, with the transition from classical to mediæval sculpture, in Spain with frescoes of provincial Byzantine artists who usher in the Romanesque, we have dramatic reminders of Europe's new debt to the East. The name Romanesque tells part of the derivation of the art of the earlier Middle Ages, but it applies more especially to the architecture of the time. This, as we are often reminded, is a development of the basilica, a civic building among the Romans, which gives its name and its form to Christian churches. But the origin of the sculptural and pictorial art of the period is more to be traced to Byzantium. One remembers the monks who went forth from that city and its sphere of influence, converting northern Europe to Christianity and bringing the ancient learning and art to the barbarian peoples. One sees their trace in Germany and Eng-

land where, after remains of Roman civilization one finds the opposed forms of the new faith and of the East. Even in the buildings, those of Bamberg and Trier for example, an Oriental curve to lines and an attempt at the sumptuous color of some city like Constantinople tells that the harsh new races are being given more of Byzantine romance than of classical order and proportion—which must wait for their new birth in the time which will, for that reason, be called the Renaissance.

But architecture could not preserve its characteristics across the long distances as could transportable things like carved figures of saints or illuminated manuscripts. In England we have Romanesque sculpture reaching the most rugged grandeur, and in Ireland, at the farthest reach of the missionaries' travel, we have a school of miniature painting, calligraphy and decoration of metal that produces some of the most beautiful works of mediæval Europe. They have a quality of their own due to some obscure meeting of the Byzantine with the ancient Celtic genius. The union was so genuine and fruitful that Irish monas-

teries could send priests back to the continent of Europe to help complete its acceptance of Christianity. In Russia, on the other hand, an almost passive acceptance of the new forms is to be observed, and in that land of Greek orthodoxy the ikons will carry the Byzantine tradition well along into the modern period, some lingering vitality in the portrayal of the Madonna and saints appearing as late as the eighteenth century.

But the country which best defines for us the special genius of the Middle Ages is France. Here is building of the sturdy grandeur that is most characteristic of the Romanesque and that serves as a foundation for the sculpture, which continues the quality of the architecture. In Italy there are too many memories of the classic works for the artists to develop the forms expressive of the time with freedom, while Spain still had Mohammedan invaders on a large part of its soil, and the north of Europe had not settled down sufficiently to permit such a development as we find from the Pyrenees to Flanders. South of the French border, in Catalonia, we find splendid capitals in the churches with figures of a primitive

vigor very different from the effete elegance of the Moorish work. In Périgord and Poitou, southwestern France shows masterly use of the heavy columns and the wide spaces of walls topped with a pointed roof that is still at no very far remove from the barrel-vault of Roman buildings. In the central and northern regions of the land, the Virgin, seated upright on a heavy throne, holds the infant Christ in a position which parallels that of her own figure, and the lines of the garments fall in series of simple verticals which irresistibly recall the fluting of draperies on certain erect figures in archaic Greek art.

Indeed, both historians and museum students have shown by analysis of the changes in society how France in her life and art has an evolution precisely similar to that of Greece. The works of the two periods are at times so like in appearance as to suggest a relationship of influence—which of course did not exist. It was in complete ignorance of the Greeks that mediæval France produced her work and the parallelism between causes and effects in the cases of the two peoples is only a proof (one of the best, to be sure), of

the necessary connection between the thought of a race and its art.

The determining factor in the transition from the Romanesque style to the Gothic is a technical matter, the creation of the pointed arch. This changed the nature of building, permitting the heavy construction of the earlier churches to collect its thrust and support at intervals, between which the walls became thinner and thinner, until they were largely expanses of glass, while the edifice itself rose in height and emphasized its new gesture by the great spires.

But who can look at any of the Gothic cathedrals and fail to recognize that the great change which has come over Europe is in the spirit of the people a thousand times more than in the system of building? Political and social freedom are celebrated by the great piles; the realization of a genius of their own by the races of the north is marked by the style which gives the world things radically different from any it has ever seen, and to this result a new conception of humanity also contributes. It is not digressing into the field of religion to observe that the faith which began among

the humble still interests itself in their daily life. We see the members of the guilds which had their share in the great work, and they are unlike the slaves in Assyrian art or even the contented laborers in Egyptian carvings. Here are individuals, whether weavers, clerks, monks or noble people. Even saints and the personages of the Old Testament are given a warmly human aspect which one would seek in vain throughout all the arts that have gone before. The Virgin is a young mother such as the sculptor and his contemporaries knew in their homes, and the whole life of the cathedral is based on theirs.

Yet it rises above that life even as the great mass towers above the city. Visible for miles in the surrounding country, its portals opened on a dark space—a symbol, for the faithful visitor, of the simple and reverent mind with which to approach the mystery within. By degrees the darkness melted away as his eye accustomed itself to the forms of columns, chapels and altars. Above him long windows continued that upward gesture of the spires which reminded him at every hour of this refuge that his people had

built. The colonettes which bound the windows continue to the roof as ribbing, whose lines accentuate the structural firmness of the edifice and give a sense of its security, at the same time that they delight by the intricacy of their pattern. A beauty of design never fails in Gothic tracery even when the principles of construction have been so mastered as to make the work almost that of an engineer. But while it was still evolving, inventing, it had a quality of life that later times cannot recapture when they attempt copies, however carefully measured. The more they imitate the externals of the old building, the less they give of its effect. It is not the aging of the materials which causes the difference, it is the endless succession of adjustments—of line, surface, and color—which the builders made as their eyes detected small or large disproportions impossible to foresee in the general plans which had been drawn, or even in finished models of details, some of which have come down to us.

This constant sense of the rightness of the work tells us how intimately it represented the life of the time. Even when,

as at Rheims, Roman sculptures found in the locality had their influence on the images, Gothic art is creative with the strength of a people drawing on its own resources. The singleness of mind which set up, within a niche of the cathedral, a figure of the shoemaker at work, permitted the building of bridges, castles, and ordinary dwellings with the same fineness of design that went into the great church—or the small one, for often among the small ones we get real masterpieces. Their lines are the ones which we find again in a helmet, a reliquary, or a key. And from some such humble object (if indeed it *is* humble), we can go back for another look at the cathedral. For a time, away from its spell, we have been willing to make an attempt at analysis, and to explain to ourselves its effect by reference to the great Romantic impulse which here vindicates itself by the creation of new values.

But before the windows of Chartres, as before any other supreme work, we have no thought of the reasons which lie behind the art. Man has ravished the fire of the gods—as the Greek myth would have it—and he has imprisoned the fire

in bits of glass. They burn—blue, violet, green and red—but their splendor is unlike that of the sunset whose light enters them as we prepare to leave by the western door. The sunset changes, these windows are unchanging; the light of nature is diffused over the whole landscape, it is a circumstance attendant on our life, necessary to us, but outside us; this work of art—as all works of art—belongs to a special place and time; it is not an attendant thing, but a dominant thing. It is not outside us; and we recognize ourselves in it because we have instinctive memories of the whole past of our race ready to surge up each time that some ancestral voice, like that of the Gothic, tells of the capacities we still possess.

When we turn again to Italy, we find one of the great confirmations of this idea. If the word Renaissance has met with its general acceptance it is because we agree that the art which flourished first on the Italian soil of its ancestors, and then in France and Spain, really is a rebirth of the genius of antiquity. But just as a new member of an old race preserves its lineaments with modifications due to the different blood he has received,

as he has thoughts conditioned by the new character of his time, so the Renaissance, with all its striving to renew the world of Greece and Rome, is essentially different from them.

The time between claims its full measure of importance in the creation of the period. Italy had seen within its borders the production of some of the greatest monuments of the Byzantine genius which, as we have noticed, partakes of the Orient and of the Christian idea, and so when a Niccola Pisano, at the first dawn of the Renaissance, consults the Roman sarcophagi which tell of the specifically Latin sense of his art, he is, even so, a man of his time and not of the old Pagan world. The great marbles before the eyes of the sculptors were models of such immense power that, in this field, the Renaissance was slower in asserting its own quality than in that of the painters; and so it is Cimabue, the contemporary of Niccola, whom the people of the thirteenth century acclaimed as the representative of the genius they felt stirring within them after the long period when their art had spoken with an accent more or less foreign to the land. (We

recall that Dante, at the same moment, was writing in Italian instead of the language of antiquity.)

Painting, which was to develop as the great expression of the time, seems to us —people of a new time—to have made but a short step with Cimabue, still under the tutelage of the "Greek" (i.e. Byzantine) school, as he was; but when we see how the grand figures of his *Crucifixion* at Assisi group themselves like those of Niccola Pisano in a work of the same subject, when we note the detachment and reality of these figures we can realize even now what the coming of this man meant to Florence. And the difference between that republic and the neighboring city of Siena is already established when we see Duccio, the great contemporary master of the Sienese school, continue lovingly in the style of the earlier time. That will be the character of Siena throughout—a fervently religious, profoundly fascinating character, as untouched as it could be by the scientific spirit and the Humanism of the rest of Italy. That is why the city has its inexhaustible charm for the modern visitor. The cathedral, the great palaces, the

sculpture and the paintings, from Duccio, through the Lorenzetti, Neroccio, Stefano di Giorgio, Sassetta, and Matteo di Giovanni, to the very last of the school satisfy our nostalgia for the past because Siena itself always retained something of its affection for the Middle Ages.

Florence, on the contrary, looks steadily to the future, even at a time when she is in a fever of interest over discoveries of classic art and literature. The first stir of realism, in thought and in representation, with which Cimabue had invaded the hieratic calm of the Byzantines is increased by Giotto. His men and women become as much alive as those of the Gothic sculptors of France. To stress their humanity he needs substance, movement, and a beginning, at least, of light and space. It was during his lifetime that Dante spoke the words "The new life begins." With Giotto a new world begins, and he is of the stature of those few men who have created worlds. Italy needs almost a hundred years to assimilate his teaching. When the time has passed, Masaccio takes up much the same story again. Now there is no mistaking the course of the evolution: our eyes are

turned to this solid healthy earth as much as in the time of the Greeks—who are shortly to reappear in men's interest with an intensity that makes amends for their banishment.

But as in Greek times, an immense idealism kept art from merely external imitation, so the time of that Masaccio who was to teach the whole later school to draw and model and to use chiaroscuro was also the time of Fra Angelico, whose perfection of painting is a token of the purity and intensity in the religious character of his work. What our museum, with its bringing together of dissimilar periods, permits us to see here, however, is that the religious spirit takes on a new form with the later Florentines. When Uccello and Piero della Francesca create our knowledge of perspective, when Pollaiuolo, Signorelli, Leonardo and Michael Angelo give us our modern knowledge of anatomy, it is not for the aid in representation these sciences afford that the activity of the artists is to be considered; it is as a new manifestation of the religious spirit. Call it pantheism or what you will, such works as Masaccio's *Expulsion* at the Carmine, Piero's *Resurrec-*

tion at Borgo San Sepolcro, Leonardo's *Madonna with St. Anne* at the Louvre, and Michael Angelo's *Last Judgment* in the Sistine Chapel drive at the mystery of the supernatural with their "materialistic" means quite as much as the most "spiritual" art of the Middle Ages or the early Christian time.

No other explanation will satisfy us before the impressiveness of Piero's frescoes—things as lofty and as imperturbable as the metopes and tympanums of Olympia. Nothing less important than the religious impulse can account for the passion with which Leonardo searches the human body, the plants, the earth, the whole universe with its laws, in his innumerable drawings. And though people attached to a kind of ritual in presenting the religious spirit may call Michael Angelo a Pagan, the nude, recumbent figures on the Medici tombs bespeak so grand a faith that not they but whatever would contradict them or even limit their rôle in our understanding of the world is the thing which must be altered.

The unparalleled artistic activity of the Italian Renaissance would render vain any attempt to mention even its most

important names within our present space-limits. What has been said must be taken to include the work of Donatello as an initiator of the realistic spirit and as one who developed the Humanistic impulse; so also the glance along the most fascinating of all our galleries may prepare us to enjoy an eclectic like Raphael —remembering (as a few hasty people have not) that eclecticism such as his is compatible with a serene nobility of thought, or rather that the two things have a natural, even necessary connection.

The stones of Venice (which gave the title to a book by one of the great lovers of the city) must be given a place, mentally, in our museum, and with them the water in which they are mirrored and the light in which they bathe. Nowhere else does one feel so strongly the connection between an art and its environment. What would have been a weak softness amid the crisply drawn hills of Tuscany gives glamour and harmony to Venetian painting. The Greek blood and the Northern blood of the people, and the contact with the Orient in their port combine with Renaissance energy to give Italy a school of colorists almost equal to

her schools of draftsmen. And as the latter clarify our vision of things, so Bellini, Giorgione and Titian carry us to overtones, a matter of the physical impression (in the relationships of color) and of the mental impression—in that power of suggestion which belongs to painting at the fulness of its gamut. European art will bring forth new personalities and new nationalities; it will make new combinations of chords on the instrument which has been developed, but it will develop the instrument itself but little further.

Certainly Spain, which continues the story most directly, has only its national accent to contribute, though that is an immense one. We have seen the character of the people forming from the time of antiquity, when Phœnician art gives us, in the *Lady of Elche,* an image which looks forward even to the Spain of today. The great mosque builders of the Moorish time, the great cathedral builders of the Gothic time leave superb monuments which, like Spanish music, may be compared to related things elsewhere but which still have something of the genius peculiar to the land. So when, at the

height of the Renaissance, a pupil of Titian's brings to Toledo a result of the most complete painting that Europe had known, the rugged people, without anything comparable to offer to El Greco, cause him to accept something of their own outlook on things. Its cruelty had been registered in the suffering of many a Christ in Spanish sculpture, and this "tragic sense of life" was shortly to find expression again in the powerful realism of Zurbarán.

But El Greco was needed both for the knowledge of painting he brought from Italy and for the spiritual element in his art, a heritage, doubtless, from the last of the Byzantine men, whom he had known as a youth in his native Crete. It is always an error to let one's knowledge of the special contribution to art of a man or a school absorb one's interest to the point of making his place in history seem more important than his own merits; more even than usually, it would be an error in this land of individuality. El Greco stands forth as one of the great personalities, a man whose poignant vision of humanity and religion is rendered by form that is electric in its vitality, and

by color that runs from the subtlest nuances of gray to the fullest crimson, yellow and blue. Such an art is absolute in its nature: one does not want to consider it in relation to any other.

Velasquez, also, is a man who should not be compared with his Italian or his Dutch contemporaries (though Hals is at times strangely like him). Here is a statement about character, a magic of tone, a mysterious mastery in the control of the material which place him apart, as imitators have found out—at a heavy cost. One of the strongholds of romance, Spain confers the Romantic quality in art and causes her painters to appear as unique apparitions in the firmament. It is thus with Velasquez, whose painting gleams like silver against a twilight sky. And Goya, when night seems to have settled on his country, takes his fiery course, like that of a comet, over the horizon of European art. He is a portent of the Romanticism which is to triumph in the northern countries—where Delacroix will copy his etchings and Manet will follow his painting. But like the true masters they are, these latter men make no attempt at recapturing the soul of

Spain (to mention the title of another admirable book). That soul is too closely inherent in the work of the Spanish artists to pass to less individualized painters. Again with the Spanish master of the present day, Picasso, one is always convinced that the main consideration as to his art is that of his personality, and not that of the technique he may be using at a given time.

When we approach German art we find the individual factor among its masters less important than that of race. Dürer lives for some time in Italy and has unbounded admiration for the artists there. But he remains German—and remains a giant. When the country has been weakened by war and the artists seek to renew their strength from foreign sources, Italian or French, they fail. It is clear that they must base their effort on the specifically northern genius. It had steadily refused to be overpowered when, in earlier times, one civilization after another had invaded the land. This genius is at the main root of the Gothic and carries it, through German architects, into Lombardy and even Tuscany. It will not accept the Renaissance, with its pe-

culiarly Southern character. The great building of Germany, the grand emotion of its Romanesque and Gothic sculpture, and the painting which came to its climax in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are all northern manifestations.

Here, if anywhere, our museum might step beyond its limits and appeal for support to another art. For Germany can not be understood without reference to her music. Yet the feeling registered in the music of Bach is scarcely more profound and intense than that which thrills us before the painting of Mathias Grünewald; it is in the tradition, control and form of his art that the musician is superior. Before the perfections of the German composers appeared in the world, Dürer had achieved such miracles of concentration as the engravings of *St. Jerome in his Study*, the *Knight, Death and Devil*, and the *Melancholia*. In the last-named work, especially, there is also the brooding mysticism of the North, which perhaps explains the goal set by the fateful works of Beethoven in his later years. It underlies the vision of life which is so unmistakable in Dürer's portraits and is

the reason why we may prefer them to the impeccable production of Holbein.

That supreme draftsman has given us one page after another whose science is no more to be questioned than the counterpoint of Händel or of Mozart; the clear enamel of the surface of his pictures is as brilliant, also, as the achievement of the musicians. Omitting the great number of German artists of less than the very first rank, we still must pause for Cranach, with his powerful line and color, and most conspicuous of his enchanting qualities—the candid outlook on humanity and nature which tells of a people whose talents must have gone on to a richer fruition had not devastating wars placed too great material obstacles in the way of the painters and sculptors. Fortunately for the world, the musicians could carry on despite such misfortunes; the continuance of the national genius in their work and the great effort made by German painters in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries give reason to think that we are to see important arts among them again.

What is certain is that the Northern genius continues through Flanders, Hol-

land, England and France, and that it has not yet given the full measure of its power. One sees the closeness of connection between these various peoples in the older time when one surveys the production of the Rhine country and those adjacent to it. At Cologne we find Flemish and German art meeting, both in the cathedral and among the painters. As we move toward Holland, the transition is imperceptible again, and the Burgundian masters are often as Teutonic as they are French.

Nor should the convenient and genuine division of European art into Northern and Southern make us unobservant of the ease with which the two opposed types of thought can affect each other. The early Flemings are of the North—very close to the early Germans. Yet it is their painting, when it reaches Spain, which explains the character of much that develops in that country. Thence, probably, it goes to Sicily and Naples—to become the basis of so Italian an art as that of the prodigious master called Antonello da Messina. A century later the influence goes in the reverse direction when Northern artists swarm into Italy

to study the more developed schools and Rubens fecundates his sovereign power from the color of the Venetians.

But with the Primitives of Flanders we are still in a purely Northern train of thought. The unequalled brilliance of pigment in the work of Jan and Hubert van Eyck reminds us of the perfection which discoverers so often attain—and it was these men of the early fifteenth century who gave Europe the technique of oil painting which was to permit the fullest expansion of pictorial art. But we need to examine the form in a van Eyck, a van der Weyden, a Gerard David or a Dirk Bouts to see the place of their school. It is a late form of Gothic, as is attested by the sculptural modeling of heads, the drawing of hands, and the angular folds of draperies. And with these men we find also a love of landscape which will, in later times, develop into the art so particularly characteristic of the Northern peoples.

Leaving such considerations and spanning the distance (one can hardly realize that it is less than a century) which separates the earlier men from Rubens, we come to one of those great forces that

sum up a whole direction of man's genius. Here is an outburst of energy that mocks any attempt to keep it within the bounds of definition, whether by reference to race, religion or æsthetics. Rubens is an ocean. In him the North and South mingle; art shows itself to be a thing more inclusive than the systems of priests and moralists—who perceive the world from certain angles only; and the division of the painters' realm by critics into form, design, color and what-not seems equally futile. It is the men of the craft who, by their instinct, choose among the qualities of the master, and their work tells which phases of the great predecessor have been important to them. Thus, without Rubens, it is sure that the color of Watteau, Delacroix and Renoir would not have been what it is. And that color is as closely allied to composition in depth as Raphael's line and chiaroscuro, about which so much has been written. Indeed the color which Venice had contributed to Italian art offered a better adapted instrument for this quality of painting than the black and white which is the basis of the grand frescoes in Rome.

But we must not tarry too long here

on such technical questions, important as they are: we return to Rubens the man, the incredibly prolific creator of vast compositions (those supreme ones in Munich, for example, or the Marie de' Medici series in the Louvre); finally, perhaps, we turn to the author of the astounding portraits. Whether considered as color or, better even, as expressions of the new vitality which bursts, with him, from the cramping hold of the Gothic art it has outgrown, such works as the *Isabella Brant* of the Uffizi, the *van Thulden* at Munich, and the *Helena Fourment and her Children* in the Louvre are as symbolic of a race and a time as an Egyptian or a Chaldean head. They show the difference also (and again by their Classical as well as their Romantic qualities) between Rubens and his followers—even van Dyck who, with all the great schooling which he follows so well at the beginning, reveals his weaker side when he comes to those portraits, especially the ones painted in England, which have been the ideal of "society painters" —at the immense distance from which they ape their model.

The Flemish primitives, though they

had produced marvelous portraits and sometimes permitted glimpses of the life of their contemporaries, were, like the earlier Gothic men, chiefly concerned with religious subjects. Rubens was partly Italianate; with the Dutch we have an art based on complete confidence in the world of visible things, and also a new and most powerful affirmation of the non-classical spirit. It goes from Peter Brueghel the Elder, born near the present border-line between Belgium and Holland, to the last of the great Dutchmen of the seventeenth century; it reappears with Jongkind and van Gogh in the nineteenth century. So that with this people our "lengthening chain" reaches along to the present day. The art of our time, to be sure, contains influences from the Renaissance, the Greeks, and even the most remote past. But in certain modern Hollanders we find the direct continuation of the qualities that made the greatness of their ancestors, and so, existing on its original soil, the connection with the old periods becomes especially vivid.

In the sixteenth century Brueghel already has the love of outdoor sights that makes him observe the snow, the sea, the

wheat-fields, the birds and the beasts with unsurpassable accuracy. He treats them with all the respect—the humor and the sense of importance—that had been reserved for humanity alone in almost all works of the time before him. In his own seeing of men and women, he is as intent on getting to the depths of things as in his landscape, and it is not by chance that this master of elemental ideas in the Dutch school has more than once been compared with Giotto, the great initiator of Italian painting. With both, the psychological profundity has its expression in the most magnificent drawing of outlines and in broad modeling that renders existence with a force that we never escape.

Hieronymus Bosch, in Flanders, had given a partial anticipation of this art; various masters of the later school will recall it; no one, before or since Brueghel has drawn a more important painting from acceptance of nature. It is her sights, grave or gay, which are his teachers and not the old masters whom he saw on his journey to Rome. That incident remains without influence on his art and so, a century later, the art-genius of the Dutch

was harking back to a great precedent when Rembrandt uttered a sentence which has become famous. A visitor to his studio, accustomed to the souvenirs of Italy which many artists brought back from visits there, had inquired "Where are your antiques?" Upon which Rembrandt pointed to the laboring muscles of some workmen and replied, "There are my antiques."

In Holland one sees the tradition of a craft passing on easily and naturally while the instinct of the artists asserts itself in their robust appreciation of the life around them. For sheer mastery of painting no one has ever gone beyond Frans Hals. He draws with a sense of large impressive masses. He observes light and color with an accuracy that renders the texture of stuffs, the gleam of metals, the precise degree of dryness or moisture that describes the skin of an old man's hand or the succulence of an oyster in its shell. And when he lays his magnificent whites and blacks on the canvas it is with a brio, an appropriateness of the stroke to the form defined, which tell of perfect balance between desire and the power to realize it. The healthiness of such a con-

dition looks out of the clear eyes of the people he paints—and is at a far remove from the dull materialism that the imitators of the school made of it in the nineteenth century.

But another mood needed expression before the North could indicate the full range of its genius. Beside the buoyancy, the love of nature—out of doors and indoors, the perfect execution of Hals and Jan Steen (in whom one can see something of Brueghel again), beside the lesser but still delightful masterpieces of Vermeer and Terburg, Holland offers us the heroic questioning of the darker phases of life that appears with Rembrandt and, in a more limited way, with Ruysdael. There is no pessimism in them, neither discouragement or resignation. The somber clouds over the plain of Haarlem are pierced with a ray of the sun, and the earth stretches away to the horizon with a broad sweep that is as unrelated to Greco's mystical landscape as to the intellectualism of Uccello's perspective, when the scientific mind of Florence worked out the laws of sight.

Even in a work like Rembrandt's etching of *The Three Trees*, the supernatural

grandeur of the conception is inseparable from the truthful accounting for the appearance of the scene. A Dutchman after all, Rembrandt lifts away from his contemporaries by the majestic quality of his vision rather than by a difference of attitude toward art. We see him in his earlier years as a student of technical problems, those of solidity and light-in-shadow for his painting, those of using the point, the acid, the burnisher, and the press in his matchless etching. But there is a difference between him and the other admirable artists of his country: they ask, chiefly, for skill in meeting the questions of their craft; more tireless than all the rest in working for control of technical matters, Rembrandt uses his knowledge in pictures whose color and form go beyond even the Romantic statement about the splendor of the world, and assume a rightness, a harmony that gives him his place in Classical art. Whistler said a fine thing when he placed the *Clement de Jonghe* with the perfections of the Southern peoples—the sculpture of Greece and the painting of Venice. Again, as with Rubens, the distinction between the groups of races disappears

and a supreme individual unites the whole of humanity.

It is fruitless to ask why one nation does not equal another in the various fields of effort. It is better to keep to matters of fact: Holland produced Rembrandt and has no poet to mention with Shakespeare, England gave the world that great figure (and others in literature) and has no painting to compare with that of the schools we have just been considering. Yet one gets further than confirming the old dictum about the odiousness of comparisons when one spends a time in the English galleries of our museum. One may, for example, observe how poor a person is the prig who sets up a too limited standard and demands that everything conform to it. As regards English art one may even renounce all question as to the inferiority of its latter-day achievement in painting when its grand works of architecture come to mind. Those are of another era—the Gothic, one whose genius is closed to the modern world—on the continent as well as in England. And so, though Wren and other architects, as also the silversmiths, the furniture-designers, and the ceramists

produced admirable work from the seventeenth century to the early nineteenth, it is the painting of the time which marks its finest thought.

Cut off from its primitives, and from the few masters who arose after Holbein's visit to England, the painting of the country reaches a high level once more with Hogarth. Yet, before even his admirable work it is difficult for us to forget the Dutch-Flemish influence which renews the British school of the eighteenth century. We do not want however to forget the literary side of this art: the illustrative qualities of the best Englishmen are of too high an order for that. Hogarth's satires are followed by the superb black-and-white of Bewick's wood engraving, by the racy humor and fine balance (of mind and of design) in John Leech, the power of Cruikshank and the elegance of Keene, worthy parallels for the novelists of their country. With William Blake we have the same man furnishing literary material and the images to accompany it. Or when he takes the Bible or Vergil as a basis for his compositions, we see that the literary idea, if passed through a mind of

Blake's imaginative power, could give rise to genuinely admirable line and composition.

But the contribution of the English to pictorial art is not restricted to illustration. Hogarth and Reynolds painted certain portraits whose sturdy truth is characteristically English. Yet it was truth spoken in an idiom not altogether natural for the sitters, nor even for the painters themselves. Thus we find Reynolds forever searching after "secrets" of the Venetians and others, and Turner bequeathing his pictures to the nation with the proviso that two of them were to hang beside two of Claude Lorraine's—an ambition that William C. Brownell has most wisely deplored.

The foreign quality that painting has on British soil blemishes all but the finest of Reynold's portraits, as we see him soften the likenesses of women and children, especially. The lack of a tradition of visual art on a level with its books and its theatre denies full confidence in painting to even the best of the portraitists—which is to say Gainsborough (who longs for the refuge of landscape). Yet he is so fine, so calm and sensitive in many of

his works that one is ashamed of the caviling tone which one falls into, after all, with this school. It is because of its decline, a slow one at first with Raeburn, Romney and Hoppner, a more rapid one with Lawrence, a disastrous one after him. One is indisposed, also, toward English painting by absurd over-estimates of the value of even the best portraits, and so is tempted to over-severity.

The release from that feeling comes when one turns to the landscapists. With Old Crome we have an art as natural as that of Hogarth or Leech; with Bonington we have a born painter, of exquisite gifts. Turner, rendering in masterly fashion his feeling for the light on buildings and rivers, or his powerful dramas of the sea makes us forget his confused grasping, in other pictures, after design and color that were outside his ken. We are back on the broad highway of Northern Romanticism—and French painters soon were impelled to see that the course of art in their time demanded that they take that road. With Constable the splendid mood of the early nineteenth century reaches a height which, in its so different way, is almost that of Goya. And when

one has sensed the nobility of Constable's best work, one resents even an implied comparison between him and a man of another school. Spanish genius brings forth its superb results and is suited to its soil, the English soil has its own qualities and demands its own expression.

The same holds true in America. Indeed the fact that we have the immense possibilities offered by a country where the mingling races are forgetting so much of ancestral tradition and for whom even the eighteenth century is almost as remote as Rome or Greece, means that a new expression must be found here. It is being found, though it can not come over night. Every one of the arts we have noticed so far has derived from a preceding form as well as from the particular genius of the people who produced it. American art is no exception. Its earlier masters are almost indistinguishable in character from those of the European schools whence they issued. As the nineteenth century advances, more of a local, perhaps even national accent is heard. In the case of poetry, the man in whom the American quality is strongest rises also to the highest power. In their enthusiasm

for Whitman certain critics (and not Americans) have declared him to belong among the greatest figures in his time, specifically placing him above any poet in the whole of Europe. But the case of literature is misleading when we are dealing with the arts of sight. An American writer, even if born in the backwoods, has a perfect instrument as his birthright. The Bible, Shakespeare, and the other classics of the English language are within his immediate grasp. For the painters and sculptors the case is a very different one. They must look further for their classics, finding them only in a few big cities or in Europe.

Even architecture, with the immense innovations brought about by steel, concrete, and the needs of the modern city, is based on the science and yet more on the tradition evolved in the past. We shall modify that tradition to suit the new works we have to produce, but we shall not (perhaps because we can not) break with that tradition. From the beautiful houses of the colonial time to the latest of our prodigious skyscrapers the canons of taste which finally decide as to the art-value of the building are based on

matters like proportion, unity, and variety. And the sense for these can not escape the effect on mankind of the great works of the earlier centuries. It was, naturally, a piece of bad criticism to call mediæval art "Gothic," out of contempt for its difference from that of antiquity, and no one of any understanding would wish our buildings to look like those of Athens or of Chartres. But the Classical and Romantic impulses underlying the works of the past are still our impulses, and the testimony of American artists thus far is that their work is accessible to those who can recognize the true manifestations of the ancient qualities.

Our great portrait-painters, Copley and Eakins, continue the attitude toward humanity that the artists of other centuries had developed, and they continue the expression of it through the craft—which evolved anew in the modern time. Our visionaries of landscape, whether they have the realistic approach of Winslow Homer or the love of mystery that was in Albert P. Ryder, are still in the long line we have been tracing. An artist so essentially American as Maurice Prendergast, with even a specifically

Yankee shrewdness in judging materials and methods (the Impressionists' science of light, for example), and with the humor and fantasy of New England in the seeing of its landscape, its trees, its sea and its figures, is a good neighbor in an exhibition to the French painters among whom he did some of his work: his beautiful design and color is seen at once to be of the same type as their own.

The mention of the French brings us to the last series of galleries we are to traverse together. It is here that we come, above all, to the art of our time, for if certain great modern painters appear outside France, it is in that country that we find the center of the movement which gives the period its character. Also, the more we know that character the better we shall understand the older arts of France. The enjoyment of a nude by Renoir is a very good preparation for seeing *The Judgment of Paris* by Watteau; a head by Courbet or Daumier makes it easy to see the same character again in the head of some prophet or devil in the sculptures of the cathedrals.

For a long time the Gothic style continued in all forms of expression. Like

the van Eycks, Fouquet, their contemporary in France, belongs to the school that for centuries had been doing the marvelous illuminations of manuscripts. His masterpieces at Chantilly, though they have a largeness of conception which would do credit to a great fresco, are still miniatures painted for a Book of Hours in the time before the discovery of printing. The loss of the latest form of mediæval art, that of the small paintings, leaves the sixteenth century in France to the influence of Italy whose Renaissance was in full cry. It was to Leonardo and Titian, as we remember, that Francis I addressed himself. But soon after the end of that monarch's time, his people had accustomed themselves to the new ideas: though Poussin and Claude Lorraine spend the whole of their mature lives at Rome and must be considered in relation to its school, they remain Frenchmen. The science of the late Italian painters, their Baroque filling of the pictorial space with figures modelled in the full relief obtained by chiaroscuro, is taken over by Poussin with a docility which speaks of the wonder inspired in the young Norman by the treasures of art, ancient and

contemporary, which were revealed to him in the world-capital.

But if we merely glance at his painting after seeing that of the Bolognese painters amid whom he worked, we are at once struck by the freshness of vision in the foreign artist. His color keeps the cool tones of the French school he had known in his days of apprenticeship; he will not be affected by the black shadows with which the Seicento departed so far from the clarity of the earlier Italians. Marvelous drawings by Poussin after antique marbles, and a copy after a Roman fresco discovered in his time, tell that he is not simply Italianizing but that he is going back to classic sources, like the best of the painters on whose soil he was working. And what glorious new flowers of the ancient genius appear when the unspoiled vigor of France grafts this healthy branch on the ancient tree! With Claude, the Northern quality that now comes into Latin art is even more striking. Here is the love of landscape that the Dutch have told us of a thousand times, and it is not overcome by all the style that Italy lends to the painter or by the sense of the long past which pervades

his work and dictates his mythological subjects. The brothers Le Nain, who paint portraits and the familiar scenes of French farm life and family life, are nearer again to their neighbors of the Low Countries.

With the great pioneer work of the seventeenth century behind it, the eighteenth has complete confidence in the school with which it is presented. Watteau has the classical rightness of design that had been acquired by his predecessors; he is ready for a wider classicism—that of color, which his Flemish ancestry may have made it easy for him to derive from Rubens. Now we get the authentic voice of modern France, no more affected by the training in Italy than by any reminiscence of the Gothic ancestors of its own land. When, in the art of Watteau, we hear this clear, deep and joyous song, with its distinctively French mingling of the profound and the elegant, it were as dull a piece of pedantry to seek its origins abroad as to inquire what there is of foreign influence at Versailles. The long façade of the palace, the adorable proportions and surfaces of the Trianons, the design of fountains, the perspectives,

the greenswards, the "bouquets" of trees and walls of trees are all creations of a genius that bursts forth in a Europe surprised by its new energy after the intense production of centuries. The *Dix-huitième*, varied and rich as it is, carries on this note throughout.

The Revolution brings it to an abrupt close—only to reveal other, and even more unexpected sources of power. The discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii had already given a new taste for antiquity. With David and Ingres this taste is made fruitful, as imperial and then republican France, having finished with the perfections of the preceding century, goes on to research among the classics (whether of Greece or of the Renaissance), and unites its study with a deeper searching of its own spirit. This latter phase of the art of a hundred years ago we see in the school of 1830, as the new Romanticists have been called. More even than the force of David and the purity of Ingres, it is the noble lyricism of Corot, the monumental power in the sculpture of Barye, and the living fire of Delacroix which tell us that the period must rank as one of the great epochs of

history. Delacroix, indeed, plunging to depths of the antique genius that we have not yet fathomed, renewing the glories of Venice and Rubens, and yet looking forward even more than toward the past, might terrify us with the idea that we are witnessing the last act of a drama, were not a whole line of successors there to prove that we are not near our end.

Daumier, Courbet, Chavannes, Degas, Manet and a swarm of lesser men follow in a succession as rapid as that of the great painters of Italy. A whole new vision of nature is opened up by the Impressionists, and if the scientific basis of their discoveries still seems to anyone to place them with the seekers of the laboratory rather than with those of the museum, we need not, in order to refute the idea, turn back to the researches of the Renaissance into perspective and anatomy. Arguing the matter by example (the only argument that counts in art), let us rather point out that Renoir's inexhaustible love of the life around him is rendered by color of a beauty unimagined before him and, for still more impressive testimony, let us recall the new meeting

of Classical harmony and Romantic adventure in the work of Cézanne.

These two masters bring us to the work of the living artists or those but recently dead. Before coming however to the men who tell us the most exciting of all things —which is to say that we are alive and creating today, it may be well to visit a sub-cellar of our museum, in which we keep its falsifications. The problem of "genuine" forgeries (things made to sell as Tanagra figurines or Renaissance paintings, for example) is interesting enough. People who affect to look down on art-study have argued from the fact that collectors and even experts having been deceived by these bogus productions, the whole value of the things of the museum is fictitious. One might as well argue that because people have been deceived about the intelligence of a man or the honesty of a woman such qualities are always frauds.

But the more important type of falsification, because immeasurably the more insidious, is the one produced by men who have set out to be artists but who have allowed themselves to be misled by one false beacon or another until their work

is the very contradiction of that of the masters. The most dangerous of these men are those who begin to arrive in the second half of the nineteenth century, when they are so numerous and succeed in grasping so completely the power over exhibitions, schools, dealers, and even museums, that almost the whole of the public—and they themselves—believe in their ideas.

The disease was cumulative in its effects: as time went on, the ring of false art tightened until the genuine things could be seen only in out-of-the-way galleries, the houses of certain private collectors, and the repositories of the past. This created the idea that there was some fundamental difference between ancient and modern art—a disastrous idea, whether you thought that only the past was great and modern things were decadent; or whether you thought the ancient stuff a bore and took delight only in those latter-day artists who have created the style of magazines and billboards for the larger part of the public and painted the portraits or carved the statues for "people of culture"—whose standard is still that of the crowd. New

candidates for such success continue to appear, the quality of their production remaining on the same low level, even though it changes in externals. As the older Ananias men (as I have called them elsewhere) are discredited by a growth of understanding in the public, the new ones tend to assume the guise of the later schools.

The futility of seeking any external token of good or bad art is made evident by the ease with which falsification changes its style. The short-sighted man who had been forced to believe that Cézanne is great accepts the simulacrum of that master's work when produced by some talentless creature who, a generation ago, would have been working in a manner imitated from that of Ingres, Courbet or Manet. Against each of the latter, in turn, Ananias levelled some form of his favorite accusation—that of being a revolutionist.

But plagiarizing the style of some master, ancient or modern, would reach only the limited number of people who care for style, and it was the great crowd which was the object of solicitude with the False Artists. Therefore they ad-

dressed themselves to matters which could be understood by those devoid of any notion of art: patriotic or religious feelings, erotic and humorous conceptions, above all the enjoyment in seeing reproduced some pleasant sight—that of a pretty girl, a nice landscape, a Venetian canal, etc., etc. It was the subject that counted above all, and the false logic that supported such a theory was this: the masters—or many of them—having made things that looked like nature, therefore what looks like nature is in the direct line of the masters. Since this fallacy is now pretty well exploded, the counterfeiters of art have to change their course, and it is the non-realistic men of the later schools who are followed by the weaklings too poor for creation of their own.

But the museums are escaping the control of Ananias more and more, and with that all-important means of propaganda failing him, the truth about art is reaching a constantly larger number of people. To have access to the truth is by no means the same thing as having the capacity to use it, and there will never be a time when everyone will judge easily and rightly of so complex and profound

a thing as art. The best judges of it—which is to say the greatest lovers of it—make mistakes of detail, but what we may well hope for is that such a Reign of Error as has obscured judgment during the last seventy-five years or so will not soon be repeated.

The time we have spent considering it is already disproportionate in an hour of art, and fortunately the galleries devoted to the most recent artists contain things in which we discern a true inheritance from the great past. Here are the burning reds and blues of Odilon Redon, in his flower-pieces and his mysterious evocations of the myth figures. They seem doubly strange, coming at the same time as the scientific research of the Impressionists and the almost abstract construction of Cézanne. But they are needed to show how many sources the modern world has to draw on. Gauguin and van Gogh reveal others. The former brings us the heritage of primitive design and color for which he went to the South Seas; the great Dutchman goes to an even richer field when his passion causes him to explore the depth of the mind. Working at the same time, Seurat made the

most extraordinary combination of drawing in the tradition of Ingres, color in the tradition of Delacroix, and a new vision of the world—sometimes joyous, sometimes severely grave. His school is called the Neo-Impressionist because it renews the efforts of the group of great men just before him. A better designation for his own quality would point to the Classical rather than to the scientific aspect of his work. It took time to realize what he had done, but when artists had seen how the "modern" freedom in treating nature was consistent with the finest color and design, they were ready to go on with new courage.

Indeed, considering the length of time during which Europeans had kept to realism, the attitude of the twentieth century innovators may be called audacious by their friends as well as their foes. The battle of a hundred years before had been between men who cared above all for Raphael and the Greeks on the one hand, and those who asserted that as much of our standard must derive from Rembrandt, Rubens and the Venetians. Such words as "Gothic" and "savage" were applied to the leaders of the two great

schools of the early nineteenth century, but they were merely epithets. No one doubted that the two artists were adhering to the naturalistic formula which the centuries had built up.

Our time could use the old accusations with more exactitude. Matisse, Rouault, Derain, and others (men of distinguished intelligence and ability, quite evidently) gave admiration to such arts as those of the Persian ceramists, the most archaic Greeks, the Gothic glass-painters, and the African fetish makers, and used them as part of the basis of their own production. The result was release from the tyranny which the visual world had developed. The extent of this tyranny may be judged if we compare the black and white reproduction of a (bad) picture of recent times with a photograph from nature: the two things may be actually indistinguishable from each other. Recognizing that the work of such men as the Post-Impressionists just mentioned was the significant contribution of our time to art, people called them the "modern school." But the word has to do with chronology, and so when the future, having moderns of its own, can no longer

apply the term to a Bonnard, a Vlaminck or a Matisse, it will doubtless classify them as early members of the non-realistic movement. That, however, is only a negative term and does not explain the feeling of the large number of people who admire these painters. Their vigor in casting aside formulas inadequate for them is part of the reason, but more important are the old qualities of expression—the rendering of ideas and sensations derived from the world, in the old means of form and color.

As if to drive home the fact that such expression and not the imitation of appearances is the essential problem, a second group of non-realists soon followed the first. These were the Cubists, who rejected—at least for a time—any compromise between the two issues. The object is annihilated, the mind of the artist remains. You enjoy a Cubistic picture for its rendering of the painter's idea, or you get nothing from it. In the time when the school was pursuing its logic to the final limit, there was no portrait or landscape or "Nude Descending a Staircase" that the seeker for imitative representation could recognize. What

these artists did offer was an equivalent in form and color for the sensation which the sights of nature had aroused in them. Essentially that was just what the artists of the whole past had done with other means. The Cubists have given us a new insight into this truth, and so philosophy is their debtor. But when we go to our museum it is for enjoyment, and not for explanations of it. The constantly deepening enjoyment of the work of Picasso and the splendid group of men around him is a proof that it is in the immediate line we have been following at such length.

Had these artists needed more than the astonishingly short time they have required to find their public, we should possess, even so, excellent reason to look on their work as valid. It has influenced the vision of their contemporaries, both professionals and laymen, as only painting and sculpture of genuine quality can do. And one more token of the Cubists' importance was their own recognition that consummate daring, such as they had shown in their earlier work, was not enough. Or rather, with a brilliant position such as they had achieved, they dared

again to make changes, and attacked the problem of naturalism anew. There was no turning back. Their later work contains the freedom from the accidental which they had achieved, and the forms are as deliberately chosen as in the years when they painted without a thought of rendering the whole of appearances.

Matisse and Derain, keeping nearer to "nature" had pursued a course parallel to that of Picasso, Braque, Villon and the others whose rejection of the effects which produce illusion had allowed them to pierce through to realities. The art of the time is intent upon essential things: (in saying so we naturally pass by the acres of painting and sculpture that are not art). Whether with complete statements about solidity, local color, and light, or with an absolutism that goes directly to the creation of forms never seen before, the artists of today are adding steadily and powerfully to our tradition.

We recall once more the dictum of the old Roman, cited on the first page of this book: Art *is* one, with all its thousand species. To spend an hour in our museum is to feel this and, yet more, to

feel that life is one, with all its thousand times a thousand manifestations. And so the art-lover is not to be confused with the æsthete, if that word means one who is more or less withdrawn from life: to appreciate art is to discover the means of seeing and enjoying what is quintessential in the world.

But our art-lover does not discuss the subject in such transcendental terms. When the guards have called out through the long galleries that it is closing time, he and his companion are still hovering about for one more look at some work or other, so that a friendly chap in uniform has to tell them that they can come back tomorrow. As they go down the steps of the building, talking in somewhat disjointed and still exclamatory sentences of the visit they have had together, the idea comes to them that they don't need to wait till tomorrow. There are still some exhibitions open. Not all the great art is yet in the museum. There are old things which might perhaps have a right to a place there, above all there are new things. Some of them will surely go in—tomorrow. The voyage of discovery is endless (for we see no end to the life

and thought of men). And the best part of the search is not made in any existing museum, but at home. No household is too poor to have works of art, even if the supreme ones should be cared for and made accessible in public institutions. But there is an uncountable store of lesser things to be drawn on by those who want them, and if they are given a share in everyday life the least of them will turn out to have enough of the divine fire to warm and illumine that life as nothing else can.

THE END

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